## VERMONT Quarterly



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## ERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The 115th Year

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# VERMONT Quarterly

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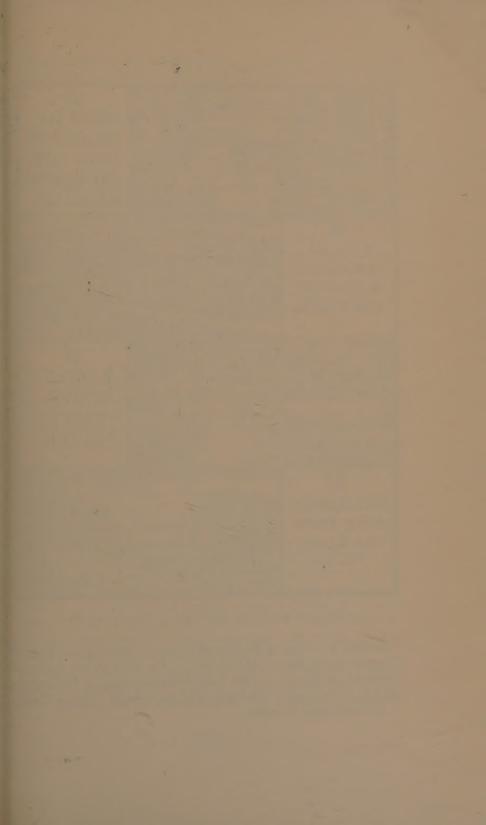
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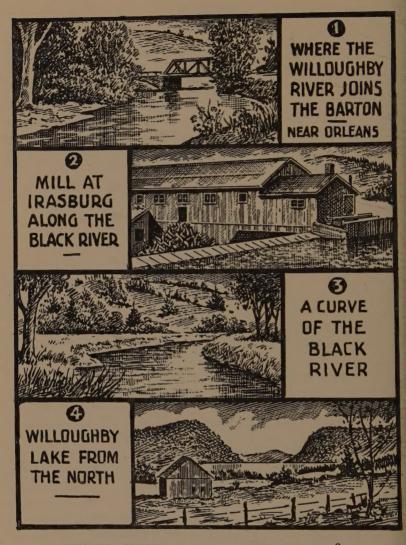
The PROCEEDINGS of the VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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SITES AND SCENES OF THE CANAL SURVEY OF 1825

1. Orleans is a village in the town of Barton. 2. Irasburg is in Orleans County—as are Barton and Orleans. 3. The Black River rises near Hardwick and flows north into Lake Memphremagog. 4. Willoughby Lake is in the town of Westmore, Orleans County is in northeastern Vermont.

## 

## CANAL SURVEYS IN NORTHERN VERMONT

By Melancthon W. Jacobus

It is difficult to believe that a Congress of the United States would seriously consider a proposal to construct a series of canals in northern Vermont, particularly in the northeastern section, in view of the topography of that area as Vermonters knew and know it. Such a proposal did come before Congress in 1825, and surveys were made with a canal system in view. This canal phase of America's history was not limited to Vermont by any means. Fortunately, men will dream, and a dream that failed still has its place in man's story; and here is a Vermont paragraph in the long story. Editor.

CCARCELY more than a century and a quarter ago there was a great movement afoot to open up the interior of the United States with a vast system of canals. It is a little difficult today, with railroads and highways and airlines effectively serving the same purpose, to imagine dreams of overland transportation built upon a barge behind a span of oxen or a brace of mules on a tow path. But in 1825 some of these dreams had already become realities: the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal had been chartered in Virginia; the Union Canal, in Pennsylvania, was partly constructed; and the Erie Canal was open for business and beginning to make money. Canals were planned for New England, too. A waterway had been mapped from Boston Harbor to the Hudson River; Lake Champlain was to be joined to the Connecticut, either at Wells River or at White River; and the Connecticut was to connect with the Atlantic by a canal through the Pemigewasset and Merrimac valleys, or one through Lake Winnepesaukee and along the Cocheco River. A canal had been authorized from New Haven, Conn., as far north as Northampton, Mass., and there was talk of pushing it well up into Vermont, parallel to the Connecticut River. Even if this extension did not materialize (and it never did), the river could be navigated, after a fashion, as far as Barnet.

It is not strange, then, that the people of northeastern Vermont might have thought about a canal to serve their interests. Perhaps there was even more consideration of it as a defense measure—to

rush troops to the border, or to bring out timber from the forests for ship building. In any case, army engineers were sent to make surveys and estimates for a canal linking the Connecticut River with Lake Memphremagog which, through the St. Francis River, could be tied in with the St. Lawrence River-a sort of St. Lawrence Seaway project of the early nineteenth century. Of course, the major undertaking in this whole plan would be the canal in Vermont; and the findings of the engineers were reported to the Secretary of War who, at the request of the House of Representatives, transmitted the report to Congress. It can all be read in Document No. 154 of the 1st Session of the 19th Congress, but I think that many of the readers of the Vermont Quarterly will be content merely to peruse a few excerpts and a brief digest of what the engineers found. I have added a sketch map, which is fundamentally a tracing of salient features, with an overlay of the proposed canal routings as closely as I can approximate them from the report of the surveys.

The army engineer in charge was a Mr. De Witt Clinton, Jun., who arrived in Barnet May 8, 1825. If he was, as I surmise, a son of De Witt Clinton who opened the Erie, it is not strange that he was interested in canal projects. He proceeded to make a preliminary examination of the terrain between Barnet and Lake Memphremagog and also explored the lake as far north as the St. Francis River in Canada. The result of this first investigation was a three-way survey—that is to say, a choice of three possible routes between Lake Memphremagog and the Connecticut River. These are outlined here

in his own words.

1st. By the valley of the Black River to Ellegro, Scotland Pond; from the pond to keep a level, until it is intersected with the Lamoille River; to ascend the last stream to its junction with Beaver Brook to its sources, and, after passing the height of land, to pursue the valley of Lyford's Brook to Joe's Pond; and, from the pond, either to follow the valleys of Joe's Brook and the Passumpsic River, to its junction with the Connecticut, or to cross over into Lad's Pond, and to pursue the valley of Steven's River to the Connecticut.

2d. To follow the course of the Passumpsic River to the junction of the Middle Branch and Cobble Stream, either to follow the Middle Branch to Savanna Pond, (its sources) and after crossing the height of land, to pass through Mud, and Bean, and Belle Ponds; and, from thence, to follow the valley of the Barton River, to its junction with the Willoughby River, or to follow the Cobble Stream, to its confluence with a small rivulet, to diverge up its valley, and after crossing the height of land, to fall into the Willoughby Lake, and to follow its outlet to its junction with the Barton River.

3d. To follow the valley of the Clyde River to Spectacle Pond, to pass

over the height of land into the Nulhegan River, and to descend its valley to the Connecticut River.

I will take them up in the same order, which I gather was not preferential at all but simply the sequence of the separate surveys. I shall try to be specific without enumerating excessive detail, letting the map fill in the gaps. Those readers who are more familiar with the region than I am can, I am sure, readily reconstruct the routes from the references to places along the way. Though the names of many of these locations may have changed since 1825, it is likely that there



MAP NUMBER I

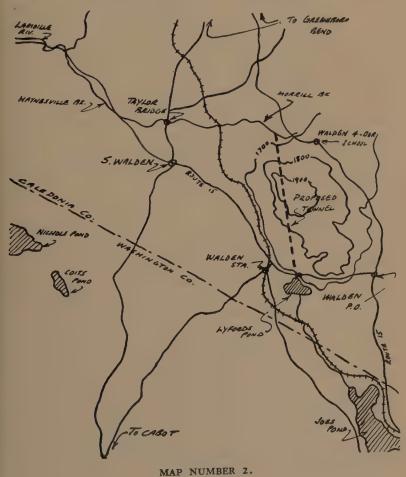
will be identifying features or some survival of old names in local lore or records.

The first route was to leave Lake Memphremagog by the Black River valley. With a few improvements—I presume widening and deepening the channel—the river itself would serve as the waterway as far as Coventry Landing. For the next 23 miles and 60 chains (there are 80 chains to a mile) it would follow the valley where a number of feeder brooks guaranteed a good supply of water. Irasburg came at about the ten-mile mark; other references were just isolated mills and dams, listed by their owners' names. Possibly some of them could be spotted today, rebuilt and modernized, while others might be only ruins or memories. (See Map Number 1.)

Ellegro Scotland was mentioned as the source of the Black River. Mr. Clinton's description of the pond—an area of 250 acres, a length of 142 chains, a maximum depth of 105 feet, with two islands, and with high and mountainous land in the vicinity—identifies it as the present Elligo Pond. Passing the length of this pond, the canal would enter Little Ellegro and then cross over, near Hardwick, to the Lamoille River five miles away. Along here the canal called for some real engineering; it would have to be built on a "precipitous side hill, and an angle of 10°, 20°, 30°, 40°, and in other places the whole width of the canal will have to be cut in the side hill." There were chasms to cross as well, and the estimate of construction costs rose from an average of about \$1500 per mile to over \$6000 per mile for this difficult stretch.

Somewhere in the next ten miles the summit of the whole operation occurred. The plan called for a tunnel, 2 miles and 50 chains long, and costing \$130,000! The alternative to this expensive bore was to boost the canal another 128 feet up and over the "height of land" where doubtless there was an insoluble problem of providing water at the top. Of the two, the tunnel was unquestionably the less ambitious scheme. Mr. Clinton did not describe the tunnel in detail, except to say that it would have "a width sufficient to admit one boat at a time, and with a towing path, and shafts to admit a free circulation of air." I am especially interested in pinning down the probable location of the tunnel. Taking contours and levels from the appropriate topographic maps, I am fairly certain that the canal would have pursued the Lamoille River valley for almost three miles, then up Haynesville and Morrill Brooks (there is no "Beaver Brook" in the area now) to a point half a mile below Walden Four Corners schoolhouse. This point is just over two and one-half miles from Lyford's Pond and has the very same elevation—1680 feet above sea level! Thus it was probably here that the canal would have tunneled right through the elephant-backed ridge sometimes called Walden Hill (See Map Number 2.)

Out in the open again, the canal would make use of Lyford's Pond which "discharges in Joe's Pond, after meandering through cedar and tamarac swamps"—a description that people conversant with the region will confirm today. The rest of the route was figured to be about twelve miles either way—Joe's Pond and Passumpsic River, or Lad's Pond (now Ewell Pond, I think) and Stevens River—with no conspicuous obstacles in the path.



.....

The total length of this route added up to 61 miles 42 chains; the length of the canal was only 52 miles 55 chains. The remainder of 8 miles 67 chains was tabulated as "improvements in the rivers and ponds." Although the difference in levels of Lake Memphremagog and the Connecticut River near Barnet was 237 feet, at its highest point the canal would have been raised 1011 feet above the lake and 1248 above the river! Mr. Clinton judged that 2252 feet—all but seven feet of the sum of the rise and fall—would have to be stepped up and down by locks. There might have been as many as 350 separate locks in such a set-up, which I'd guess might be a record number for a canal only 53 miles long.

The second survey, or Barton and Passumpsic route, was made in the reverse direction. The engineers, having reached the Connecticut River by way of Joe's Pond, were making their way back to Lake Memphremagog and surveying as they went. A number of streams and ponds were listed as portions of the right of way or as feeders—Millers Run, Callender's Stream, Middle Branch, and Bean, Mud, Fish, Duck, and Snake Ponds, to name but a few. It seems pretty clear that Crystal Lake is the modern name for Belle Pond, described as two miles long and having an area of 760 acres. The Barton River, of course, would be the natural connection of that body of water with Memphremagog, and "by cutting through the bows and straightening the channel, that distance could be shortened three miles."

A variation of this route up Cobble Stream and the "small rivulet" would appear to involve a pretty steep climb over rugged hills. Mounts Hor and Pisgah were mentioned in passing, but once in Willoughby Lake, there would be no canal construction problem for several miles, and such a boon might well offset the troubles of surmounting the highlands in order to attain it. Perhaps the bargemen would hoist a sail in a fair breeze and bowl along over the open water of the large lake. If not, and the tow continued along the shore, the engineers would still be spared the task of digging and flooding a ditch. At the other end of Willoughby Lake is the river of the same name, which joins the Barton River near what is now Orleans. From there it would be only about five miles to Lake Memphremagog.

A comparison of the Passumpsic-Barton itinerary with the one through Joe's Pond shows the route to be 53 miles 57 chains long (as against 61 miles 42 chains), of which 51 miles 36 chains had to be improved. The actual canal would be somewhat shorter than the one by way of Joe's. The "height of land" is only 755 feet above the Connecticut and 523 feet above the lake. No tunnel was proposed,

but there would have to be a very deep cut at the summit, costing \$115,000. Along one side of this cut the engineers planned a continuous tow path; in the opposite bank they would carve a recess—a

sort of passing siding—every 20 chains, or quarter-mile.

The third survey found the engineers returning to the Connecticut River along the Clyde and Nulhegan Rivers. They worked up the Clyde for five miles to Salem Pond, the first or second of several ponds in a chain where the river furnished the interstitial links. At this juncture the villagers of Derby (Line?) seem to have pressured Mr. Clinton to route his canal around Hinman (Derby?) Pond and across to the St. John's River valley. This would have provided an alternate return to Lake Memphremagog conveniently through the outskirts of Derby Line! Mr. Clinton made a quick "reconnoissance" to oblige them but stuck by his choice of the Clyde all the way Next came Pensioner's Pond, about two miles beyond, and Knowlton's Lake (which I take to be Island Pond) twelve miles farther still. Very close by lay Spectacle Pond, another link in the chain. Some adjustment was to be made in the levels of Spectacle and Island Ponds to eliminate an extra lock, and then, in less than half a mile, the canal would cross the summit, some 490 feet above Lake Memphremagog. On the other side there was Nulhegan Pond from which the canal would be led over to the North Branch of the Nulhegan River, a distance of 3 miles and 69 chains. It was only nine miles more along the Nulhegan, through both meadows and woodland, to its "disemboguement" near Bloomfield.

Engineeringwise this route was only 41 miles 19 chains long, which embraced 5 miles 54 chains of pond and 1 mile of navigable river, giving a net 34 miles 45 chains of canal. It had to be raised only 490 feet and dropped less than that-296 feet—to the Connecticut. The jokers, of course, were that the mouth of the Nulhegan is 50 miles above the point where the Passumpsic joins the Connecticut, and that the Connecticut falls 425 feet between these same two points. The Connecticut River near Bloomfield was 194 feet higher than the level of Lake Memphremagog, and the drop-off down to the Passumpsic features such obstacles as Guildhall Falls and the Twenty Mile Rapids. Mr. Clinton was quite aware of the problem and took a very dim view about any "river improvements" that might be made along this stretch. He recommended that an independent canal, "either on the Vermont or New Hampshire side" be built for most of the way, but he made no survey or estimate of cost at the time of his report.

At this point perhaps the reader has noticed, as I have, that Mr. Clinton's arithmetic does not quite stand up. For instance, the level of Lake Memphremagog seems to be five feet higher taken by way of Joe's Pond than by way of Barton River, and by the Clyde-Nulhegan route it is one foot lower! This could not be, but it was probably not so much a mistake in arithmetic as an allowable error well within the tolerance of a survey conducted under difficulties. The engineers had to travel, not through jungle exactly, but certainly over unimproved countryside. There were few if any roads they could use. For miles and miles they would be wading up slippery river beds, slogging through swamps, hacking away underbrush-and lugging tools and instruments all the way. Occasionally, I suppose, they would put up overnight at a miller's or a village inn, but I imagine they camped out with the mosquitoes a good deal of the time. At best they could have run only rough lines of levels. Made a month or so apart, each survey would have encountered different flood and drought conditions, and there was not time to take the lines back for bench-mark verification every so often. Certainly Mr. Clinton made no effort to nudge his figures and conceal the discrepancies; he let them stand and most likely shook hands with himself because they checked as nicely as they did. After all, what is six feet but one lock more or less in several hundred!

His cost figures are given in round numbers but seem to reflect certain known variables. Excavations, for example, were sometimes estimated at 10 cents a cubic yard, tougher jobs sometimes 15 and 20 cents; through rock he upped the amount to 50 cents. "Grubbing" was priced from 2 dollars to 10 dollars a chain, depending I suppose on whether it was thin or thick going. There was a fixed quotation for lockage, \$260 per foot. None of this could be done for so little today, but Mr. Clinton's estimates disclose that the canal would have been a costly project even then. His totals, including percentages for contingencies and superintendence, were \$858,751 for the first route, \$577,362 for the second, and (without any Connecticut River improvements) \$306,419 for the third.

Then too, there was the matter of water. A stable supply of it is vital to the successful operation of any canal. Too much, and there is a washout; a leak or a drought, and it dries up. Mr. Clinton made elaborate notes as he went along about feeders; where they were, how they could be tapped, and what might be expected of them. Tributary brooks would shed into the river valleys, and spring-fed ponds were reliable reservoirs as well. The closer at hand they lay

the better, but there was one case where the water would have had to be led through a 67-foot (deep) ditch from a rather remote source!

In every instance the engineers were careful to specify the volume of water they thought could be counted on. Many of the lesser brooks could yield but a couple of cubic feet per second, while Joe's Pond was figured to furnish 100 cubic feet per second, Willoughby Lake 105 cubic feet, Passumpsic River 238.5. These amounts were all gauged with a "float-board." In present-day parlance a float-board is one of the paddles of an undershot water wheel, but I think that here it was more likely a crude device similar to the original sailors' log-simply a floating board attached to a knotted string. I question whether Mr. Clinton carried with him any portable water wheel, and the results he would get with the string and board would be just about as dependable. To measure the velocity of the current, he had to count and time the knots in the string as the float-board was carried out by the water; by soundings at regular intervals he could determine an approximate cross-section of the stream or pond; putting his answers together, he could then compute the number of cubic feet per second.

The army engineers' report was duly presented to Congress and laid on the table where, for all I know, it still lies. While plans for a small canal (the average width was probably about twenty feet) seem pony-size in contrast with the large-scale engineering feats of recent years, I think it was, for its time, an enterprise of considerable magnitude. Mr. Clinton's surveys support such a conclusion. Had construction gone forward, engineering problems might have arisen which Mr. Clinton did not foresee. Had the canal been completed, there might have been operating and maintenance headaches for which there was no cure. Who can tell? But surely there is nothing amiss in a hearty commendation for the Memphremagog-Connecticut canal project as far as it went. It was a lusty dream.

#### FOOTNOTE

The Journal of the House, first session of Congress, December 5, 1825, page 17, has this statement, referring to the Board of Engineers for Internal Improvement: "They have completed the surveys necessary for ascertaining the practicability of a Canal from the Chesapeake Bay to the Ohio River . . . and the practicability of uniting the waters of Lake Memphramagog [sic] to the Connecticut River. . . ."

Document 154, first session of the 19th Congress, appears in State Papers under date of April 12, 1826, and carries this title: Letter from the Secretary of War transmitting a Report of a Survey of the Connecticut River from Barnet, in Vermont, to Lake Connecticut and, also, a Canal Route from Memphrymagog [sic]

to the Connecticut River.

This is a quotation from Mr. Clinton's report:

"From McIndoe's Fall, I am informed by Mr. Alfred Smith (who surveyed the lower part of the river last summer) that the descent to tide water is 420

feet, and the distance 200 miles.

"There exists much contrariety of opinion among intelligent men, on the most feasible plan of forming an inland communication. Some are in favor of a canal independent of the river, and a respectable association of individuals in the town of Hartford (Connecticut) to whose disinterestedness and liberality, the public are indebted for the survey of the river, from McIndoe's Fall to tide water, consider the most practicable plan is to improve the bed of the river, and to use steam vessels in towing up the freight boats. As the report of the engineer and agent is not yet made public, we have no data to judge of

the practicability of the improvement.\*

"The upper part of the river, surveyed by me, is not, in my opinion, eligible for such an improvement: the great descent from Eames' Mills, the low intervals contiguous to the river, the impetuosity and sudden rises of the freshets, the collision of ice against the works, the impracticability of securing permanent foundations for the dams, the low state of the river in summer and autumn, and the difficulty of keeping the ponds at their maximum heights, the deposits of sand and gravel in the channel, the danger of the water impinging against the works in high freshets, and cutting new channels through the intervals, the injuries which the lands in the vicinity will sustain, and for other

reasons that might be offered.

"I now respectfully suggest, that an independent canal should be constructed, from Eames' Mills to the foot of the Guildhall falls; and, that either the channel of the river should be deepened to the end of the dead water, or an addition of one foot be made in the height of the dam at the head of the twenty mile rapids; and that a canal should be continued from the head of the rapids to the foot of McIndoe's fall, either on the Vermont or the New Hampshire side, as appears most feasible, after a careful examination. The immense hydraulic privileges which this part of the canal will possess, will more than pay for its construction; and the advantages resulting to the States of Vermont and New Hampshire, in alleviating the manufacturing and agricultural distresses of their citizens, reducing the rates of transportation in this inland country, and in the conveyance and facilities of transporting their heavy articles of traffic by water, would be incalculable.

"To the United States, this communication would be important, in congregating a set of hardy freemen on the frontier. In times of war, in transporting their troops, munitions and implements of defence; in preventing an illicit trade; in opening the fine forests of the north for its navy, and cementing the

political bonds of union between the States."

\*I am informed by Mr. Smith, the Agent, that it will exceed a million of dollars, without purchasing the old works in the river.

## 

## THE GOVERNORS OF VERMONT— BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

1. Governor Ebenezer J. Ormsbee 1886–1888

This series of biographical sketches of Vermont's Governors will be continued and extended until all Governors of the State, including those now alive and active, are included. No attempt will be made, as a rule, to evaluate the contribution each Governor made to the welfare and growth of his state; nor should these sketches be considered as final. The material needed for them, has been, in certain cases, scattered far, often sold to collectors outside of Vermont. Those who have access to such biographical information, whether inside or outside of the state, are invited to aid us in any way they consider useful. Clues that will guide us to data will be warmly welcomed. This sketch comes to us through the interest of Theodore W. Johnson (VHS) of Brandon, Vt. Governor Ormsbee wrote this story of his life when he was eighty-five years old. The sketch is dated February, 1919. Governor Ormsbee died in 1924. Editor.

I was Born in Shoreham, Addison County, Vermont, June 8, 1834, the son of John M. and Polly (Wilson) Ormsbee. I had eight brothers and sisters. Two younger sisters and myself are the only present survivors of the family, the surviving sisters being Mrs. Agnes H. Hoyt and Mrs. Abbie E. Wiley.

The family moved from Shoreham to Rutland about April first, 1845, when I was nearly eleven years of age. I remember as to that moving that I accompanied the hired man Josiah McPherson, known to us children as "Sire," and assisted him in driving the cattle. I remember further that we stopped the first night on our way to Rutland from Shoreham at the McConnell Tavern, about two miles south of Brandon Village. This was my first experience at a tavern, and I well remember the big sign in front of the house at the point of the two roads that meet there. It was a large swinging sign between two uprights, and on it was, "Entertainment for Man and Beast," with some decorations.

This move of the family to Rutland was not unlike going into another world, as we left behind us all of the people that I had ever known, including grandparents, uncles, aunts and many cousins; and

I remember very well that as to myself I was very homesick, and in consequence I was promised that after having and harvesting I might go back to Shoreham for a visit of a formight. And so it came to pass that probably in September I was made ready for the journey, and that making ready consisted of an extra shirt and pair of stockings and probably a handkerchief in a little bundle. I started off shortly after daybreak, afoot and alone, for the twenty-eight mile journey and arrived at the old home shortly before sundown, and this without any special incident that I remember of only that I remember of running quite a part of the way. But I arrived safe and sound, having made way with the little bread and cheese or something of the kind that was in my little bundle. I was more fortunate on my return trip to Rutland two or three weeks later, although I had expected to return by the same team that I went. But there was a cousin of my Father's from Wisconsin visiting in Shoreham who wanted to visit in Rutland or see his relatives there, and I had the chance to ride there with him. This was quite an event for me, and I remember that we stopped for dinner at the hotel in Brandon known later as the Chase House, but nothing else do I remember about the ride.

After three years' residence in Rutland, Father bought the Nahum Mills farm in the Arnold District in Brandon, and the family came here about the first of April, 1848. In connection with this move, my brother William and I were sent with an advance load of furniture from Rutland to the Mills Farm, our team being a yoke of oxen and a wood-shod sled, and we covered this distance in one day with those oxen. I returned to Rutland the next day with the oxen, leaving brother William behind to await the family coming the next week. On my return trip, I assisted the hired man in driving the cattle, taking two days or more than one day.

From this time on there was perpetual work on the farm. At this time there was a sawmill about 120 rods northwest of the house—an old-fashioned sawmill with what they used to call an up and down saw. After about three years or perhaps two, I was installed by Father as the sawyer at that mill; and for from three to five years when there was water, generally about six weeks in the spring and about four in the fall, that was my business. With Father's occasional help I could do everything about the mill with the exception of filing the saw and that came later. The time of sawing depended upon the water, and so it often happened that I would spend the night or most of it at the sawmill until the water had gone out. Then the gate at the upper dam must be closed, and we would have to wait for more water to

accumulate. We used to saw about 300 logs a year there for perhaps about five years. My company at the mill consisted of an old silver watch, a dog and a shotgun—the latter not for personal protection, but for practice. I would occasionally get a muskrat and now and then a mink, and in the fall of the year I had considerable use for that shotgun, for in those days, for a few years, there were numberless pigeons about.

As an incident, I am moved to relate the following. When we went to the Mills farm, there was down near that sawmill a very good farm barn. Formerly there had been a house there which had burned; so it had left that barn without anyone living there. Father used to use it for a grain barn, and in those days we boys had plenty of work with the old-fashioned flail, so there were no idle hours. On one occasion I remember that William and I were threshing in that barn and Father made us a visit, and as he was leaning up against a mow of hay in the bay, his elbow went into a vacant place or hole in the mow. He turned about and examined as to the matter and took from that hole in the hay a handful of apples. William and I were very busy threshing about that time. Father looked the apples over and remarked, "Not one of those apples grew on this farm." This brought forth no remark from us boys and nothing further was said about it.

Going back to the old sawmill, I wish to relate that among the things I remember was that I used to have a visit now and then from Mr. Stearns J. Field, and in that way I formed a close acquaintance with him, and I enjoyed his friendship as long as he lived. He used to join us boys now and then in some of our coon hunts which were an annual amusement that was considered as a treat at that time.

I attended the summer school in the old schoolhouse now standing for two or three summers, but was then needed in the farm work. However, during those two or three summers, some things happened that I might relate.

One Peter Farmer lived across the road from the schoolhouse, and for some reason or no reason was usually at war with the boys of the school. The fact was, the boys did not like him and he did not like the boys; and so there was what you might call a juvenile war going on most of the time between the two sides of the road. The old man kept a small fishpole in readiness to chase us boys, and in the winter we kept a dozen or two well-made snowballs frozen in the woodhouse of the schoolhouse to practice on the old gentleman when he went from his house to his barn.

Mr. Farmer had quite a bunch of hens, including a big red rooster,

and they were very familiar around the schoolhouse door in the summer time, picking up crumbs, etc., and even invading the schoolroom when the door was open, which of course was disturbing and tended to trouble the teacher more than it did the pupils. This flock used to cackle and crow, etc., in front of the door, and that, too, of course, made more or less of a disturbance in the schoolroom; and so some one of the boys conceived the idea of what might be called playing a trick on that flock of fowls by stringing a lot of corn on horsehair and leaving it in front of the outside door of the schoolhouse. It happened as was expected that the whole flock soon came over in search of crumbs and found that corn and went at it with great alacrity, but very soon there was trouble. The rooster was crowing and the hens were cackling and there was a general uproar, and very soon there was nothing out there but a heap of feathers, wriggling and twisting and trying to get away from each other and not succeeding, and making an uproarious noise which of course found its way into the schoolhouse.

It soon happened that Mr. Farmer, hearing the uproar over there, grabbed his fishpole and came over to rescue his property; and, finding only a heap of feathers and noises, he was naturally to say the least not pleased with the situation. He rushed into the schoolhouse with his fishpole, without invitation, the door being wide open, in pursuit of the suspected offenders who had caused this trouble. I remember that six of the boys, of which I was one, went out of the window and down into the meadow back of the schoolhouse pretty quickly and without any ceremony or asking anybody if they might leave. And this ended the performance only that the old man spent not a little time in extricating his fowls from their dilemma.

Many things happened in the Arnold District which I well remember during the next eight or ten years after our arrival there that need not be recorded or stated. It was a pleasant time, and there was a large school. Many nice families lived there then, but there is not one living there now in the old District that lived there when we moved there. Mr. Henry Patch was the last one, but he has joined the majority now, so that when I go up there occasionally it is a lonesome visit.

From about 1852 to 1856, I attended the winter school when not otherwise engaged, and in the falls I used to attend the Seminary down here, walking to and fro and bringing my dinner in that well-remembered two-quart pail. But in the fall of 1856 when I was twenty-two years of age, I went for a term to the Green Mountain Liberal Institute at South Woodstock, Vermont, a then very thriving school

for what we might call "grown-ups," and the three months spent there constituted my entire schooling away from home. I ought perhaps to state here, without vanity, that among my personal achievements there, if that word is not too large for the event, was a prizespeaking contest which was the event of the year and in which I won first prize-Shakespeare, unabridged-which I now have in my library. The piece spoken or declaimed was "The Polish Boy" by Mrs.Anna S. Stevens, and I credit my success in this prize-speaking contest as the moving cause of selecting the law as my profession.

I taught district school in Pittsford and Brandon for seven consecutive winters beginning the first Monday in December, 1854. My last school was in the Quarry District in Brandon-the old Selden Quarry, then a thriving place—which closed about the middle of March, 1861. While these years or a portion of them were passing, I had been studying law in the office of Briggs and Nicholson in Brandon as occasion permitted, breaking into this by the school teaching above stated and by working a month or two in having to get the little much needed money.

I was admitted to the Rutland County Bar the same month that my last school ended, March, 1861, but my legal experience did not begin until about 1865, as I enlisted in the three months' service in April, 1861. It took about five months to get in and out of that service, and then in 1862 I again enlisted, being a member of the so-called Allen Greys—the name of the local militia company at that time. The Company was ordered out by the state authorities for nine months in answer to President Lincoln's call for, I think, 200,000 men. And so most of 1862 and part of 1863 were spent in that service. The service of our Regiment, the 12th Infantry, being for nine months, expired on the last day of the Battle of Gettysburg at midnight, and the 12th Regiment was there.

I cast my first vote for President for John C. Fremont in 1856 while in Woodstock, Vermont, and walked five miles and back to exercise

that privilege.

I represented the Town of Brandon in the Legislature as Representative in 1872 and the County of Rutland as Senator in 1878. I served as Lieutenant-Governor in 1884-86 and as Governor of Vermont in 1886-88. I was appointed by President Harrison in August, 1891, Chairman of a Commission to treat with the Piute Indians, and while in that service, in November following, I was tendered the position of Chairman of the Samoan Land Commission by President Harrison and served on that Commission from December, 1891, to March, 1893. I have been actively engaged in the practice of my profession, when not engaged in official service, from 1864 to 1913. I have been president of the Brandon National Bank for the last twenty-one years.

I have resided in Brandon since April, 1848. So far as I know, I am now the oldest male citizen of Brandon, and I believe there is not a male citizen now living in Brandon who resided here when I came to the town. I have occupied my present residence since 1874.



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#### LETTERS FROM THE PAST

Timothy E. Ranney and his wife, Charlotte, after their marriage in 1844 in Westminster West, Vt., set out as missionaries to the Indian country; and Charlotte's last letter in our July, 1953, issue expressed the hope that their work at the Pawnee Mission would be fruitful. This series of letters began in the April, 1953, issue with an introductory note by Charles R. Ranney. The notations are by Mr. Ranney. Editor.

#### PART III

T is EVIDENT that Charlotte's dream failed to come true, at least not in the next year, as shown by the following letter which is dated Bellevue, Council Bluffs. This Bellevue was on the west side of the Missouri, across the river from the present city of Council Bluffs. Whether it was located on the site of the present town of that name a few miles south of Omaha, is not evident. C.R.R.]

20.

My Dear Mother:— Bellevue, Council Bluffs, Dec. 25, 1845. I have received no letter from you or any of our friends at Westminster for a long time, but I am laid under obligation to you by the receipt of a present by the hand of brother Joseph Addison. He wrote me when he returned from Vermont to Illinois that he had \$5 in his possession for me from you and wished to know how he should forward it to me. I requested him to use it in making the purchase of some books for me and to send them through a merchant in St. Louis, which he did. I received the books about the fifth of the present month. Some of the books were for Charlotte and some more particularly for me. These were very acceptable and have been read with much pleasure. They will be kept as a precious memorial of yourself and will be read, I trust, with gratitude to The Giver of

You will see by the date of this that we are not now at our post among the Pawnees. We were frightened from our home last June by the Sioux Indians and came to this place, where we have been waiting to hear definitely something from the United States Government and from the Board of Missions. I have not written much to my friends in the East since we have been here because I have not known where

Every Good Gift as well as to you.

we should be to get answers. From intelligence I have received, if we do not return to the Pawnees, I expect to go among the Cherokees or Choctaws.

You may be interested to know something of the particulars of our fright in the Pawnee country, or perhaps you have heard through Charlotte's friends or from brother Joseph. We had been quite frightened several times by hostile tribes of Indians, and have been fired upon at our house. Once two balls from one gun were lodged in our house by the Puncah Indians. One of the balls came through between the logs and passed across the corner over our bed and stuck in a log at the end of the house beside the bed. It was in the afternoon near night and Charlotte was standing at the window on the side of the house from whence the gun was fired. The firing of this gun was the first intimation we had of the presence of any Indians in the neighborhood, but we were soon sensible there were some on all sides, for very soon the firing of guns was heard from every direction and Indians were seen, though not in large numbers. We do not think there were many, probably not more than twenty-five or thirty. We could see to count only twenty. This was the first time we had known of anything like opposition to our operations by any enemies of the Pawnees. After this, however, we were convinced by continual attacks and in various ways that it was the determination of the bordering tribes that we should not stay in peace. Horses were taken from us (the whites) and run off, before our eyes. On another occasion when I went to the door of our house, one Indian stood by the side of the door with his gun raised over my head. There were more a little distance from me, one of whom had a gun pointed at me, and two had their arrows on their bows pointing directly at me. What their object was I do not know. Perhaps they thought Pawnees were in the house and supposed that they could dispatch them upon their coming to the door. However, when they saw me and I spoke to them, they came up and appeared friendly and went on their way, but after getting out of sight they shot two cows.

How often after this hostile Indians came upon us, I do not now recollect, but we were often on the lookout for our enemies or rather the enemies of the Pawnees, and frequently saw them. In the month of June last we were visited by a party of Sioux, who appeared to be of a large number and quite hostile. The whites in the employ of the United States Government were so frightened they came to the conclusion that they were not safe in the Pawnee country and decided to leave immediately. We thought that our friends would not feel pleasantly if they knew that we were staying there alone under the

circumstances and concluded to leave with the rest. The U. S. Government has promised to give us protection and we may return in a month or two or we may go south. We are not yet decided which course is best. We know that whether we go to the Pawnees, flee, or go to some other field, we are in the hands of an Over Ruling Being who will order all things for the best even in Infinite Wisdom. We may die, we must die, we may die by the hand of violence, but our aim is to be prepared and to be found in the path of duty and to go with joy whenever and wherever The Master shall call.

This from your son, Timothy.

[Enclosed in the same letter was the following in the hand of Charlotte. C.R.R.]

2 I.

Dear Mother:— Bellevue, Jan. 1, 1847.

A little space is assigned to me on this sheet devoted to you and I cheerfully improve the opportunity afforded. We often think and speak of you in your lonely situation these long winter evenings and should love to pass some of them with you. In the early part of last summer I did indulge the pleasant thought that we might now be on a visit to our friends in the Easta That privilege is denied us and so we will have recourse to our pens. There is no disappointment, however trying, but that we shall some time see that it was for the best. At present we do not see why we are compelled to spend the winter here in a state of comparative idleness and inactivity. So far as the society is concerned, our situation among the Pawnees was preferable to this.

We live in a log house, one room of which answers for bedroom, parlor, kitchen, dining room, etc. The other room is occupied by an Indian family. The society is composed of French traders, a few Americans and Indians of the Pawnee, Otoe, Iowa, and Omaha tribes. The prevailing religion is Roman Catholic so far as there is any. The people are very low and debased. I may say they are not far removed from heathenism. I think they all have heathen wives. Avarice is the ruling passion of the traders, and they are willing to brave any danger to accomplish their object. Some of them are in affluent circumstances, and have respectable families in the United States, but are absent from them eleven months of the year and have families of heathen here. So regardless is man of his best interests. How true it is that "The love of money is the root of all evil." We do not know how long we shall be situated as we are at present, but we will probably leave here early in the spring if not before.

Mother and brothers, I wish you a happy New Year! May you

enjoy many years of happiness and usefulness. We live in a world and an age that requires all our efforts, and we will put them forth this year with more energy and faith than we have done before.

When we cast our eyes over these vast prairies and see them dotted here and there with villages of people who have immortal souls destined to a future state of happiness or misery, passing on without knowing or caring for their high destiny, we cannot but utter an ardent prayer that the Lord of the vineyard would send forth more laborers into His harvest without delay. Years are passing rapidly and many heads around us are fully blossomed for a heathen grave. Will not some of you resolve that you will do all in your power to rescue some of the present generation?

Affectionately yours, Charlotte.

22.

[During the winter spent in Bellevue Charlotte kept a journal which was preserved with the package of letters. In order to keep the chronological sequence, quotations taken from this Journal are entered in this record here under the dates on which the entries were made. C.R.R.]

Jan. 1, 1847.... The children living with us received an invitation to visit the children living with Mrs. Platt. I have therefore had a tolerably quiet afternoon except some company from Indians. Soon after the children's return Mrs. Platt came in and we had a very pleasant sing. Have heard of the death of two Omaha Indians this evening and the wailing of the mourners may be heard in several directions. Their death was occasioned by the Sioux. They have probably gone to heathen graves with none to care for their souls.

Jan. 2, 1847. . . . Last night about its noon we were aroused from our sleep by the voice of revelry and drunkenness. It proceeded from Coon Skin, an Otoe Indian, who in a former bacchanalian fit killed a white man and at another time shot one of his own tribe. His tongue was pretty essentially unloosened, and he spoke two or three dialects with an ease with which I never heard him speak before.

This evening as we sat at the supper table a corpse was borne past our window upon the shoulders of four individuals. It was the body of the woman of whose death we heard last evening. She did not however die until some time to-day. Her son was wounded at the same time that she was and died yesterday. On hearing of his death she passed into a sinking state and did not revive until sometime this morning. She then spoke of going to a better country with her children, tore open the wound in her side that had previously been sewn up, and

died in about three quarters of an hour. The two bodies were placed in the same grave. There has been as usual loud lamenting at their graves this evening. . . . Soon after supper Mr. McKinney called for some medicine for his infant whom he feared was going to have the thrush. He said his wife had not enjoyed her usual degree of health for several days and gave me a kind invitation to go and visit. While he was in, the Missouri Chief called to get some medicine for sore eyes.

Jan. 3, 1847.—The Sabbath. At early dawn the notes of wailing fell upon my ears. They came from the friends of those who were buried yesterday. . . . Attended meeting, rather more than the usual attendance present. Timothy read the XVIII chapter of Genesis in Pawnee. Most of the children gave good attention except ours, and they pained me very much by their inattention. The sermon in English

was founded on Job. VII, 16. 'I would not live always.'

This evening had some talk with Eliza upon her conduct in church. She appeared very indifferent to what I said and after I had finished asked permission to go about her play. I told her that God was angry with those who did not wish to keep His Sabbath, and that I was very much afraid she did not love Him and that He would be obliged to punish her. May the Lord take away her blindness and her hardness of heart, and lead her in the paths of rectitude and peace. . . .

23.

Jan. 4, 1847. This morning Coon Skin came in and said he drank whisky yesterday. He did not need to tell us of it. However, his conduct last night was ample proof of his assertion. He made some wise comments on the unprofitableness of trading for so useless an article. . . .

Jan. 5, 1847. This morning rose quite early to wash and was considerably startled by the noise of intoxicated Indians. They had been drinking all night and we heard them singing merrily about one o'clock. None of them came in here till this evening when Coon Skin came. The Missouri Chief who had not been drinking was here and was eating. Coon Skin did his errand and went out. He soon returned, however, with his woman and wished for something to eat. I gave him some food and after eating some and talking more he went out. He has been very noisy but is now quiet. Most of the Indians are drunk. . . . One of the Otoe chiefs (Big Kaw) sold a mule worth about \$30 for three little kegs of whisky and on coming home distributed it to his people. . . .

Jan. 6, 1847.... It has been very cold the mercury falling to zero. Eliza had a chill to-day and it made her quite sick....

Jan. 7, 1847. . . . To-day has been severely cold. The mercury fell

to eight below zero. ...

Jan. 9, 1847. . . . Early this morning the Missouri Chief came in and spoke of the depredations the Omahas are committing upon the Mormons' cattle. Said that in one day they killed no less than fifteen. . . . This afternoon a Pawnee boy who is called Joe came in, as I

supposed, for his supper. . . .

Jan. 10, 1847. The Sabbath. . . . Attended meeting, the text was Mark XIV, 7. 'and many were there found who bore false witness of Him, but their witness did not agree'. . . . Had some Indian company to-day. A woman calling herself a Pawnee came in this afternoon for her supper. She is the wife of an Otoe who is considered among the offscouring of his nation and has recently deserted her for what cause I do not know. She appeared happy and maybe she has no reason to appear otherwise. . . . Mr. Bloohen called for some medicine for Mrs. McKinney. He complained bitterly of the cold at their residence and thought we knew nothing of it. I assured him we had a pretty fair trial of it but failed to convince him.

Jan. 11, 1847.... This evening the woman who lives in the other part of the house came in and said that the news had come that the Sioux had fallen upon a party of Omaha and Pawnee and had destroyed them all. Soon after the Missouri Chief came to ascertain the truth of the report. We doubt it very much though it may be true...

Jan. 12, 1847.... This morning had a call from the Missouri Chief and before noon Big Kaw came in also. He said his business was to inquire whether the Sioux had fought the Pawnee this winter as reported last evening. The report appears to be without foundation.

The Indian Agent came in and invited Timothy to be present at the trial of Mr. Platt this afternoon. . . . It has been very pleasant to-day. The mild influence of the sun has been unchaining the ice-bound earth and water has stood in some places to the depth of an inch. To gratify our children we invited all the Pawnee children in the country to come in and take supper with us. There were more than twenty present. . . .

Jan. 14, 1847. . . . Early this morning Timothy went to the Agency to carry my letters. He saw the Agent who had received some papers from below and among others an official document requesting him to

ascertain whether it was the Pawnees that robbed several wagons last fall on the Sante Fé road. ...

Jan. 15, 1847.... The month of January is half gone. Thus rapidly is time flying. Little did I think when we took up our abode here last fall we should be found here at this time.... This evening though it is very cold the Indians have not neglected to make a fire near the graves of the friends they buried yesterday. This they do in part to protect them from wild beasts....

Jan. 16, 1847.... While we were at supper Mr. Ray Harvey came in and brought a letter from Mr. Green and some papers from the office. Had my expectations somewhat aroused hoping to hear something more decisive as to our future course. The papers contained news of the death of Dr. William Armstrong, one of the secretaries of the A.B.C.F.M. He was lost on the steamer Atlantic on Fisher's Island. . . . There is a fire upon the bluff again this evening for the same reason that it was there last night. . . .

Jan. 17, 1847. The Sabbath. . . . Early this morning received a call from Big Kaw. He was inclined to be sociable, but I did not say much to him as his thoughts ran upon his treatment from the traders. . . . Attended meeting, the discourse was founded upon Gal. V, 9: 'A little leaven leavens the whole lump'. . . . As we came home Mrs. LaForce was standing at our door and came in with us. She said little but presented us with a bowl of walnut meats already extracted from the shell. . . . This evening the woman from the other side of the house was in. I asked her why the Indians made a fire near a recent grave. She said that it was because the mind was not entirely gone and it was made for that to see by. They usually have them burning two nights after the burial. She said she buried a child four years ago and every year she goes and destroys the grass near the grave so it may see. . . .

Jan. 18, 1847. . . . A very cold night and this morning blowing almost a gale. Some snow fell which found its way into our house. . . . About noon Mr. Bloohen came in. He said it was no good wind that brought him down here and that we could have no conception of how cold it was in his room. This morning when he awoke he was covered

two inches deep with snow. . . .

Early this morning the Missouri Chief came in for breakfast. When he comes in so he usually stays during our devotions and always kneels. As he was about to leave he said, "Now brother and daughter,

I have no more to say." He has once or twice before called me his

daughter. . . .

I am quite tired of this way of living and sometimes think I am ready to go anywhere if I may but be useful. It is my desire to have some purpose in the world. Here it seems that I am accomplishing nothing. I can only talk my native tongue, save a little broken Pawnee which does not amount to much.

Jan. 19, 1847.... The Otoes have killed an animal of ours to-day. The animal was very much chilled this morning as it was a very cold night. The Indians saw it laying there, as they say 'for nothing,' dispatched it and took the meat. An Otoe whom the Pawnees call Eagle Chief came to ask for it, but seeing no one of whom he could

get permission went out without saying anything. . . .

Jan. 20, 1847. . . . We were visited this morning by Big Kaw who spoke of Mr. Allis as about to go to the Pawnees and leave his wife here. . . . Mrs. Allis came in this afternoon but did not stay long. I accompanied her to Mrs. Platt's. Mrs. Platt spoke of her family of Pawnees as being very much endeared to her and of its being very trying to send them back to heathenism. She spoke of one in particular who seemed to be under the operation of the Spirit. That she had frequently spoken with her upon the subject of religion and of her personal feelings, also of her anxiety for her people. After conversing with her for a little time upon the prospects of the Pawnees, we spent some time in singing. . . . This evening have been very troubled to find that Eliza has been guilty of theft. I tried to impress upon her mind the sinfulness of the act and the displeasure God has of sin. She tried to brave it out in an indifferent spirit, but she eventually was touched and I hope will not again be guilty of a similar act.

Jan. 21, 1847. . . . I went to Mr. McKinney's early this morning and found them in their usual health but wanting some of the comforts of life, namely some wood. Mr. Pettjohn although his eyes were very

sore went and drew them a load. . . .

Jan. 22, 1847. . . . Timothy went over the river to-day as Mr. Bloohen was going and called for him. . . . Mrs. Platt called this afternoon and spoke of a remark I made to her over a year ago about trading for children. I had entirely forgotten it but afterwards recalled saying I disapproved of the plan. She said if by giving the parents something they could obtain their children and save them from heathenism she could not see where it was wrong. After discussing

the subject a while, neither of us having changed our minds, we had a pleasant sing. . . .

Jan. 23, 1847... Heard crying this evening in an Omaha lodge. Enquired of the Missouri Chief, who was in at the time, if he knew the cause. He said it was at his lodge but that he had been gone for some time from it looking for horses. When he came back he heard weeping but turned in here and knew nothing of the cause. . . . This evening anticipated some quiet and an opportunity to read, but have been disappointed as we have had plenty of Indian company that was inclined to be very social. . . . The men who were sent out to see into the condition of the Pawnee villages were expected to return to-day. They have not yet come in; we know not the cause of their detention.

Jan. 24, 1847. The Sabbath. . . . Did not attend meeting as Eliza had a chill. Read some in Dick's Christian Philosopher. This evening Coon Skin and his woman came in. . . .

Jan. 26, 1847.... Yesterday three of Mrs. Platt's children came and spent the afternoon with us. Timothy thought they might have come for religious conversation and he conversed with them some. He says they are seriously impressed. May it not be as the morning cloud and the early dew, but may the Spirit strive till they are brought to the feet of the Savior! Oh that the Lord would appear to build up Zion in this part of the world where nothing but sterility prevails!

Jan. 27, 1847.... Mr. Riggins applied to go to the Pawnees if we should return in the spring.... Eliza visited Mr. Papin and brought home some onions and dried venison. It is the first venison I have ever tasted....

Jan. 28, 1847. . . . This morning was surprised to see an inch or two of new snow on the ground and still snowing. It has been still and quiet to-day, not enough wind to move the snow from the trees. This afternoon the sun came out mildly and pleasantly and this evening is truly delightful. As Mr. Platt is absent, Timothy and I spent a little time with Mrs. Platt. At the usual time for her children to go to bed she gave the Bible to Timothy and requested him to explain a passage to them and also to lead in prayer as was her usual practice. He read the parable of the Prodigal Son to which the children gave good attention. After the children had gone to bed, sang several tunes from the Northern Harp. . . .

Jan. 29, 1847.... The surrounding scenery this morning presented a most lovely aspect, everything was clothed in a garb of pure white,

a fit emblem of the spotless purity of that bright world where nothing is permitted to tarnish its glowing lustre and all is peace and happiness....

Jan. 30, 1847. . . . Last evening just before retiring we heard loud weeping and other indications that the 'Hydra Monster' had again found its way into the lodges of the Indians. About ten o'clock we were aroused from our sleep by the clamor of the drunken. The author of the noise was in an excited and angry state and threatened the death of those who presumed to thwart his plans. . . . This evening the Missouri Chief who has absented himself from here for some time came in and took supper with us. He was social and pleasant.



## 

#### A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

1. DINAH, AND THE SLAVE QUESTION IN VERMONT

by Katherine E. Conlin

Since one of the primary articles in Vermont's Constitution was the one prohibiting slavery, we think you will enjoy following this story of Dinah, an obscure old colored woman and former slave who nevertheless made a permanent place for herself in the history of Vermont. As town clerk of Windsor and a careful historian, Mrs. Conlin has unearthed the old records of her case, and from the talk she presented at the Constitution House Association meeting, Nov. 17, 1952, has generously allowed us to abstract this brief sketch. Editor.

Dinah's name first appears in the town meeting warrant (of Windsor) for 1800 as follows:

These are to Notify and Warn the Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Town of Windsor to meet at the meeting house in the West Parish of said Windsor on the 4th Day of March next at 10 of the clock in the forenoon to act on the following articles, viz:

1st. To choose a Moderator to govern said meeting.

2. To choose a Town Clerk, Selectmen and all other Town Officers made neces-

sary by law to be choosen for the year thence ensuing.

3. To see what measures the Town will take respecting a certain Negro woman by the name of Dinah who was purchased and brought into this State about Seventeen years past by Stephen Jacob, Esq. and has until about ten months past lived in his Family—and lately applied to the Selectmen as Overseers of the Poor of said Town for support and maintenance.

This warrant was dated Feb. 19, 1800, and signed by William Hunter, Calvin Chapin, Joel Ely, Jr., Isaac Green and Ira Langdon, the selectmen.

According to the records, the meeting instructed the town fathers to seek counsel "and proceed according to their best information." The result was to bring the case before the Vermont Supreme Court in 1802 as recorded in the Vermont Reports, vol. 2, p. 192.

Stephen Jacob, the defendant, came to Windsor shortly after 1780. He was a Yale graduate, had read law with Theodore Sedgewick at Great Barrington or Sheffield, and is described in Wardner's *The Birthplace of Vermont*, as the first "nice" person to settle in Windsor.

In 1786, he was holding both the offices of selectman and lister, was a member of the Commission appointed to build the Court House, and was a member of Capt. Marcy's militia. He was also State's Attorney and was Chief Judge from 1798 to 1801. His mansion, now known as the Gay House on State Street, was built prior to 1800.

In court, Jonathan Hubbard and Amasa Paine, attorneys representing the selectmen, offered to read in evidence a bill of sale for Dinah from a certain Mr. White to the defendant, Stephen Jacob. Mr. Marsh, attorney for Mr. Jacob, objected. "We contend," he said, "that no person can be held in slavery in this State and the showing of a bill of sale can be no evidence that the unfortunate being supposed to be transferred by it as a human chattel is a slave, for the contract in the bill of sale is void by our Constitution."

The selectmen's attorney argued that though slavery was not permitted by law, nevertheless it did exist—and there was an obligation on the part of the master to care for the slave when she was no

longer able to work.

He argued that "it would operate extremely hard upon corporations who possessed no power to loose the shackles of slavery while the slave continued in health, to be made a common infirmary for them when sick and useless." And he continued, "The position that slavery cannot exist in this State must be taken with a grain of salt, for in case a slave-holder should pass through our territory attended by his slaves, the Constitution of the United States protects the master's tenure in the slave, in case the slave should abscond." He then quoted from the Constitution with reference to the arrest of fugitive slaves. "If," he concluded, "the bill of sale cannot be exhibited in evidence in this case because it is void by our State constitution, it cannot be shown in any case, and this would void the Constitution and the laws of the United States."

Mr. Jacob's attorney then told how his client had brought Dinah to Vermont in 1783 and that she had continued in his family for several years and would have stayed there in sickness or health, "But," said he, "several of the inhabitants of Windsor represented in their corporate capacity by the present plaintiffs, discovering that she was an excellent servant and wishing to profit themselves of her labor, inveigled her from her master's family. She spent the vigor of her life with these people and wasted her strength in their service, and now that she is blind, paralytic and incapable of labor, they aim by this suit to compel the defendant solely to maintain her. When she was enticed from the defendant's service he did not attempt by legal aid

to reclaim her. As an inhabitant of the State, in obedience to the Constitution, he considered that he could not hold her as a slave."

The assistant judge then gave his opinion, stating that slavery did not exist in Vermont and that the only recourse the Selectmen had was to warn Dinah to depart town. The Chief Judge then gave his opinion:

"I concur fully in opinion with the Assistant Judge. I shall always respect the constitution and laws of the Union; and though it may sometimes be a reluctant, yet I shall always render a prompt obedience to them, fully sensible that while I reverence a constitution and laws which favour the opinions and prejudices of citizens of other sections of the Union, the same constitution and laws contain also provisions which favour our peculiar opinions and prejudices and which may possibly be equally irreconcilable with the sentiments of the inhabitants of other States, as the very idea of slavery is to us. But when the question of slavery involves solely the interests of the inhabitants of this State, I shall cheerfully carry into effect the enlightened principles of our State Constitution. The bill of sale cannot be read in evidence to the jury."

In 1806 Dinah was warned, but she did not leave. She was warned

again in 1807:

State of Vermont Windsor in the County of Windsor To either constable of Windsor Greeting

You are hereby required to summon Dyner Mason, a Negro woman now residing in Windsor to depart said town. Hereof fail not, but of this precept and your doings herein due return make, according to law. Given under our hands at Windsor this 25th day of May Anno Domini 1807

William Hunter
Abner Forbes
Calvin Chapin Selectmen of Windsor
Isaac Green
Ezekial Burton

Windsor County. In said Windsor on the 23rd day of May, 1807 I served this summons by putting a true and attested copy of this summons in the hand of the within named Diner and my return thereon.

Fee \$.70

Attest. Samuel Patrick Depty.

Dinah, however, still remained in town. The next entry in the town records is Dec., 1808. "Boarding Dinah, \$4.00." And again in Feb., 1809—"Paid Leonard Freeman for keeping Judge Jacob's Dinah—eight weeks—\$20.00."

Then in April is a notation: "Paid Nahum Trask for attending

Judge Jacob's Dinah in her last sickness—\$14.00."

And a final entry: "Paid Barnard Norton—making coffin and tolling bell for Judge Jacob's Dinah—\$3.00. Pd. Josiah Hawley, digging grave, \$1.50."

Thus ends the story of Dinah, who made quite a name for herself

in the records of the Town of Windsor.

### 2. THE "CLIFFORD BOYS" by TENNIE GASKILL TOUSSAINT

When the town of Danville, Caledonia County, was first surveyed, a road was laid out in an almost direct north and south line through the center of the town from the Peacham line on the south to the Wheelock line on the north. This is sometimes called the old "North and South Road." Early settlers pushed through on this road from more southern and settled towns, and subsequently made their "pitch" beside or near it. It was then the most convenient and passable road through the new town of Danville. The first saw and grist-mills, the first tavern, schoolhouse and church were erected along this road.

It is interesting to note that of the thirteen Century Farms in the town in 1950, six of them are located on or near this old road. Four of the present owners are direct descendants of the original settlers.

A little more than halfway up on this road is the prosperous-looking farm called, "Butternut Hill Farm," now owned by the Clifford brothers, Will and Ben. This is a bachelor's household, with another brother, Fred, cousin Charlie, and hired man, Jack. The "Clifford Boys," as they are familiarly called, do all their own housework and cooking, as well as the farm work. Their charming one-hundred-year-old house is as neat as a pin, and you could eat off the floor. It is one of the best places to visit anywhere around.

You'll receive a warm welcome and likely an invitation to stay for dinner served in their old-fashioned dining room, though they may apologize for not having anything for dessert but a bowl of their own maple syrup.

The combined ages of the three "Clifford Boys," their cousin and the present hired man, is about three hundred and forty-five years.

"Butternut Hill Farm" was named by the present "Clifford Boys" and their father, Deacon Charles T. Clifford, because of the many large butternut trees that once lined both sides of the road that leads north to North Danville. Some of them were two and a half feet through. There was once a chestnut tree across the road from the farmhouse, one of only two in the town of Danville.

In 1846, Danville had been the county seat of Caledonia County for sixty-one years, and was the largest and most important community in the county.

On March 3 of that year, Grandfather Rufus Clifford moved his family from the rented farm where the so-called, "Oderkirk barn," now stands, down to the present "Butternut Hill Farm." The spring roads were rutted with snow and mud, but little Charles T. Clifford stood right up and hung on tight to a sled-stake on the load of household goods. He would be three years old on April 3.

There was a house and barn on the new place, and Mr. Lovejoy, the former owner, had begun an addition to the barn. Grandfather Rufus was a carpenter by trade, and he soon finished up the new part

of the barn.

In 1855, when Charles T. was twelve years old, Grandfather Rufus built the present house, which stands nearer the barn, a little below the site of the old one. Young Charles T. fell from a ladder with a pail of brick when they were building the chimney.

In those days the Fairbanks Scale factory at St. Johnsbury was in its infancy. Their water-power was supplied from a dam on the

Sleeper's River on whose banks the factory is built.

There came a big rain and high-water flood that washed out their power-dam. They sent out a call to the surrounding country for volunteer help to replace it. Grandfather Rufus arose early one morning and drove his team a roundabout way up over the hill roads, because of washed-out bridges down the valley of the Sleeper's River, to get to Fairbanks', and gave them a day's carpenter work on the new dam. It was normally an eight-mile drive down the river valley road.

Grandfather Rufus kept about the same amount of stock as the average farmer of his time. A pair of oxen, two or three pairs of steers,

a pair of "hosses," and two or three milk cows.

He and Mr. Parker, who lived across the road, built a hop-house together and raised an acre or so of hops every year, as was a common farm practice in those days.

Fred Clifford now owns this Parker place across the road and

operates a small dairy there, and lives at the home farm.

"You know my father, Charles T., wasn't born in Vermont," Fred told me.

"He was born in 1843," he continued, "the year that erysipelas raged so around these parts. Grandfather's folks lived then on the old Governor Palmer place, near South Danville. Erysipelas was almost certain death to a pregnant woman in those days. They used to raise large families those days, and most all of the women-folks were pregnant each year. So many women died that my grandfather asked the doctor if there was anything he could do to prevent his wife dying.

"Nothing," he said, "unless you take her away out of here." Grandfather had a sister living in Bethlehem, N. H.; so he took grandmother over there, where she stayed until after father was born.

Charles T. grew up on the present farm, and married Clara Badger, and they lived all their lives there, and brought up five boys, Will,

George, Bert, Fred and Ben.

"Yes," Ben said, "we were quite a family of boys. We were pretty poor when we were small, didn't have enough chairs to sit down in at the table. We boys had to stand up."

Ben served in the Army in France during World War I.

Charles T. was a deacon in the North Danville Baptist Church for more than sixty years. There is a memorial window in the church dedicated to the memory of the Deacon and Mrs. Clifford.

"We used to have a lot of apple trees up in the old orchard, but they've most all died out now," Fred reminisced. "My father and Uncle Adna, Charlie's father, set out the orchard when they were young. I can remember when we had as many as 300 bushels of apples in the fall. We'd load up a horse-team of apples and carry them off to the cider-press. Then sell the cider for one or two dollars a barrel. Six or eight women-folks kept busy here at home for a month or six weeks in the fall paring and drying apples for pies and sauce. The old drying-rack that hung over the stove is still here. We use it once in awhile now.

"Uncle William Clifford, father's older brother, lived over across the hill there. See the wheel-tracks of the road that went over that way? Father used to run over there to play when he was a kid. It's called the old Martin place now, and you can see the foundations of the buildings. The old stage-coach road from St. Johnsbury to Danville Green went right past their door. You can see where it went.

"Uncle William and Uncle Al went off to California time of the gold rush in 1852. Uncle William was hauling stuff into the mines with a mule team. One day he was getting the mules shod in a black-smith shop when a man came in selling some oranges. Uncle William bought some and got up to get them and a large timber of the shop fell and killed him. Uncle Al stayed on and got to be pretty well off.

"Barley Martin bought Uncle William's place after he went West and built a big barn there, the biggest one at that time in the town of

Danville. Eighty feet long.

"When father was a young man he went over there to see the first mowing-machine work that was ever around this part of the country. That was probably around 1860, when the old Buckeye and Wood machines began to be used. There was quite a crowd there that day, father said, to see that machine mow the hay in those big fields that they had always mowed by hand.

"We've got two poles up in the barn now that grandfather and his boys used to carry hay into the barn with, instead of going out to the pasture for the horses or oxen. That was just for the hay they cut around the orchard and buildings. You could carry in quite a number of cocks of hay on it."

The "Clifford Boys" now keep a dairy herd of sixteen or eighteen cows, all told.

#### 3. EARLY PIONEER DAYS by MRS. N. TAYLOR

On page 134 of our April issue we reprinted a brief sketch from the Montreal Gazette. This sketch was written by Edgar A. Collard, editor of the newspaper. With the assistance of C. W. Colby, one of our Montreal members, we are able to amplify the decidedly accurate and clear picture of a phase of early pioneer life. This sketch is taken from a rare book, Forests and Clearings—the History of Stanstead County, a work compiled by B. F. Hubbard and published in 1874. The movement of settlers from Vermont and other New England states into what is known as the Eastern Townships of Canada, went on, Dr. Colby tells us, for twenty-five years. Editor.

My father, Jeremiah Lovejoy, moved with his family from Danville, Vt., to Hatley, in March, 1797. There was then no opening at Derby Line, and but one house at Stanstead Plain. After leaving Stanstead Plain, we found an unbroken forest until we reached the opening of Joseph Fish, in Hatley. We remained with the family of Mr. Fish about a week, enjoying their hospitality and kindness, and then crossed the river on the ice, and moved into a log house, twenty by ten feet, with a stone and stick chimney in the centre and a fireplace on each side. In this cabin, two other families, viz., those of Samuel Fish and Ephraim Moore, found a home with us—making in all, six parents and fifteen children. Mr. Moore and his family remained a few weeks, but we did not leave until Fall.

In the meantime, my father had made a small clearing, and sown and planted a crop, from which he raised a supply of provisions for the winter. He put up a log house during the season, covering it with long shingles. This was a splendid dwelling, compared with our previous one. We moved in as soon as the roof was covered and a sufficient part of the floor of hewn split logs was laid for one bed—no

windows or chimney. It was about the middle of October. The day was stormy, with a heavy fall of snow. Mother made a fire against a temporary stone back in one corner of the cabin and cooked our supper, while father went back for the cow and the remainder of our furniture. By this time the children "were as hungry as bears." The kettle of hasty pudding was made, and rather than wait for the return of father with the cow, we chose to eat at once. We had each selected a clean spruce chip, on which mother gave us our supper of pudding and maple molasses. This was our first meal in our new home. Our beds were made of hemlock boughs spread over that part of our dwelling where the floor had not been laid. In this cabin, rude and homely as were its conveniences and surroundings, we enjoyed a happiness equal, if not superior, to that of the owners of any modern residences with the most costly furnishings.

After laying the remainder of the floor and building a stone and stick chimney, father fitted up windows. This was done by cutting holes through the walls, in which he put square frames, covered at first with raw sheepskins strained on like a drumhead. Mother's outfit had been rather above those of her neighbors. After fitting up shelves on one side of the dwelling, she was able to display a set of twelve pewter plates, two large platters, and three basins of the same material. These were kept burnished after the old puritan style; next followed a number of wooden plates and bowls, which were for common use. For special occasions she could furnish a table with six teacups and saucers, and as many white earthern plates, two pitchers, and a sufficient number of pewter teaspoons. Happy days of primeval simplicity! Well do I remember the old log house. Father had "caulked

it with moss and plastered it with clay," and with ample fires built against the stone back, we could bid defiance to cold and care.

Father improved the winter season in felling ten acres of trees, and after the usual process of "limbing and burning" in the Spring, planted among the logs Indian corn, beans, potatoes, squashes, pumpkins, cucumbers and melons; and after our crop was harvested, we "fared sumptuously every day." We then considered ourselves rich. Our stock consisted of two cows, a pair of three-year-old steers and ten sheep. For these we had no pasturage but the wide forest around us, in which they often wandered far from home. Through the blessing of Divine Providence, we were not molested by wolves or bears. Led by the tinkling of the bell worn by one of the cows, father usually found them without difficulty; but in rainy or cloudy weather, he often came near losing himself in the woods. To avoid this dilemma he

fitted up a large hollow log near the house, and one of the boys pounded upon it at intervals with a mallet. This was rather a novel mode of

telegraphing, but answered the purpose.

When winter came, our cattle were gathered home; and without any shelter except what nature gave them, were fed in a spruce grove near the house, and contented with their supply of corn-stalks, browse and other fodder, came out in good condition in the Spring. This arrangement continued until we were able to build a log barn and hovel, and enlarge our clearing so as to furnish hay and pasturage. By the time our stock had been wintered and father had sowed and planted his crop for the second Spring, our supply of provisions was exhausted, and he was under the necessity of going to Vermont and hiring out to get bread.

During his absence we had to subsist upon very short allowance. The day before his return, mother had cooked the last morsel of food in the house. She made a small quantity of porridge from a handful of beans, and this served for our dinner and supper. The next day we had nothing to eat. In the evening, father returned, bringing a bag of cornmeal upon his back. A kettle of hasty pudding furnished us a good supper, and as we gathered around the family altar that night, thanksgiving to the beneficent Giver of our mercies might have been heard from the happy few in our humble dwelling. The meal which father had brought, with the milk from one of our cows, supplied us till the harvest season, and, from that time, we never again experienced the

want of good and wholesome food.

We raised a small crop of flax, which, with our wool, we worked into clothing-carding, spinning, weaving, coloring, and making up, all within our own family. Our summer clothes were made from flax and tow. The cloth, called tow and linen, was taken from the loom, and without bleaching, made up and worn, until, by washing, it had become white. We then colored our dresses with white maple bark and copperas. Mother was particular in having us neat and tidy on the Sabbath. She washed our clothes on Saturdays, and by pounding them on a flat stone or the surface of a smooth log with a mallet, they had a glossy appearance. No family in the settlement was better dressed than ours. Boys and girls, whether large or small, went to meeting barefooted. The young men and maidens generally carried their stockings and shoes in their hands, and would put them on before entering the place of worship, and take them off as soon as they came out. Our straw hats and bonnets, though coarse, were sufficiently fashionable.

The winter clothing of father and the boys was made on this wisethe woollen cloth was taken from the loom and put into a barrel with soap and water, and fulled by pounding with a pestle. It was then colored with butternut bark, and made into trousers, jackets, and spencers, as occasion might require. Our garments were homespun, but they were substantial and comfortable. Compared with the more ample dresses of modern date, they might have been considered behind the times; but it is much to be doubted whether the mothers of the present age would, if thrown upon their own resources and industry, be willing to make the efforts we did to sustain themselves and families in respectable poverty. Notwithstanding the disadvantages to which we were subjected, the table linen, pocket handkerchiefs, coverlets and other articles made by the mothers and maidens of those days would compare favorably with many of the best modern fabrics.

We had no schools nor ministers of the Gospel, but we had the Sabbath. Far away from the sound of "the Church-going bell," and the privileges of the sanctuary, we enjoyed the Divine presence and blessing in our day of rest. Several families had moved in about this time from the States, among which was that of Stephen Boroughs, of world-wide notoriety. He had previously been a Congregational preacher in Massachusetts, and he expressed a willingness to preach, if the settlers would meet. Their first meeting passed off favorably, but his second effort was not attended with so good results. His words were solemn and impressive; but no sooner had he closed the exercises of the meeting than he started off with a company of young men and boys, and spent the afternoon in a fishing excursion on the Lake.

We did not ask him to preach again.

Among the early settlers of our neighborhood were the families of Samuel Fish, William Taylor, Jacob Taylor, Abraham Wells, Daniel Martin and Samuel Reed. These families continued to meet for divine worship in their different dwellings. Their meetings were usually conducted with reading, prayer and exhortations, by the professing christians who were present. Our singing, though not suited perhaps to the tastes of modern critics, was with the spirit and from the heart. Well do I remember the thrilling interest with which we used to join in singing Watts' and Wesley's hymns in the old tunes of Windham, Complaint, Sherburne, Northfield, Concord, Delight, &c.

The early settlers had generally enjoyed but limited opportunities of education, but they were desirous that their children might have those advantages that had been withheld from them. From the smallness of their number and their poverty, they were not able to maintain a teacher longer than two months in the summer, and two in the

winter. The schools were generally taught by the best educated young men and women of the seftlement—their wages varying from \$3 to \$7 per month, paid mostly in grain or in articles of clothing of domestic manufacture. These were primary schools in their fullest extent, Webster's Old Speller, Webster's Third Part, and a few sheets of writing paper, comprising the outfit of the Scholar. Arithmetic, English Grammar and Geography were sciences of a later date.

During the summer, the older boys and girls were kept out to assist in the work of the farm, or in the domestic arrangements of the family. In the winter, these might have been seen wending their way through the woods and the deep snow, with no other road but the path they themselves made, to the distance often of two miles, with such of the smaller children as could work their way through the snowdrifts. On their arrival they might have been seen depositing their caps, hoods, mittens, dinner baskets, &c., in some corner of the room, and after warming themselves well before a fire on which a quarter of a cord of wood had been piled, taking their seats upon rough boards or hewn split logs laid upon blocks of wood, and conning over the mysterious but valuable lore of spelling and reading. Writing was acquired under greater difficulties. There was usually but one window in the room, under which a temporary shelf or desk was made, and the larger boys and girls took turns in occupying it with paper not much better than our common wrapping, ink from the bark of the white maple, and the primitive goose quill. Many of the scholars thus educated have since been distinguished in public life in our country and elsewhere.

In the fall of 1802 the smallpox broke out in the settlements, having been introduced, as was supposed, from the French settlements on the St. Lawrence. The disease spread through Hatley and the neighboring towns. Dr. Whitcher was fully employed in Stanstead, and we had no physician in Hatley. Stephen Boroughs had some knowledge of medicine, and he rendered himself more useful in this department than in that of theology. He set to work with untiring energy, and in almost every instance treated the disease successfully. Only

three deaths occurred in Hatley.

From 1811 to 1814, the spotted fever prevailed through most of the settlements of the Townships, and swept off many promising young men and women and children in Hatley. In the winter of 1843, several of our strongest men died of erysipelas. With these exceptions, the neighborhood has been generally healthy, and subject to as few diseases as any part of our country.

In looking back upon the events of the past three fourths of a

century, I seem to awake almost as from a dream. The transformation of the country can hardly be realized. Everything is changed. Instead of an almost boundless forest dotted here and there with small openings, large and well cultivated fields are presented, with a very limited reservation of woodland for sugaries and fuel; and on or near the sites of the primitive log cabins, elegant residences, with corresponding outbuildings, have arisen. The whistling of the railway locomotive and the clicking of the telegraph are heard. Truly this has been an age of progress! If the possibility of these improvements had been suggested in our younger days, we should probably have said with one of old: "Behold if the Lord would make windows in heaven, then might such things be!" I am now nearing the close of my earthly pilgrimage, and by the mercy of God, through the merits of my Redeemer, am looking forward to a glorious and happy immortality beyond the grave.

#### FOOTNOTE

Dr. Colby has drawn some instructive statistics from Forests and Clearings. He states that the statistics are based upon data relating to 340 of the more important families who came to Stanstead County in the early days. About 500 families are dealt with in the text of the book.

From the United States: New Hampshire 138; Vermont 67; Massachusetts 60; Connecticut 38; Maine 5; Rhode Island 2; New York 2; New Jersey 1. From Great Britain: Scotland 14; England 7; Ireland 4; Wales 2. Editor.

# 4. Sources of vermont history in the office of the secretary of state by edward a. Hoyt

This paper was prepared for delivery before our conference of July 10 on Vermont history, its sources and applications. Mr. Hoyt is editor of state papers in the office of the Secretary of State. Editor.

The sources of Vermont history in the office of the Secretary of State are basic in their nature but small in their scope. They consist primarily of documents which are in some way related to the state government or to its officials. With unimportant exceptions they are manuscript, either handwritten or typewritten, and do not include printed material. However, as related to the state government they are fundamental to the history of Vermont.

The documents are, broadly speaking, of two sorts: the continuous and the non-continuous, those which the present duties of the office make additions to and the ones which those duties leave unaltered. Both types contain historical material, but they are treated separately here in the interest of clarity of presentation. This paper cannot deal

with all the records but can only mention briefly the major items which should prove of most interest to historians. Furthermore, only those items will be considered which have *not* been put into print and which are thus *not* available elsewhere. Naturally our concern here is with the unique or virtually unique.

The major continuous records may be listed under five categories: the laws, the election returns, the correspondence and papers of the Governors, the corporation records and the vital statistics. Each of these is added to as occasion requires, and each deserves separate

mention as an important source of Vermont history.

The engrossed laws as well as the original acts from 1779 to the present are, of course, a basic source for both state and local history. It may be remarked here parenthetically that the laws of 1778—the first year in which the legislature met—are missing from the files and that, although copies of them are known to have been made, none is now known to exist. From about 1800 on, the laws have been printed, and in such form that they are generally available. The manuscript originals for these years thus do not concern us.

Prior to 1800, however, they have not all been printed, and many of those that have been printed are found only in rare imprint. Slade in his *Vermont State Papers*, (Middlebury, 1823) printed *some* of the public acts from 1779 through 1786, but he by no means included all of them even for these years, and he virtually excluded all of the private acts. For the years prior to 1800, then, the historian can have access to the complete laws of the state only through the manuscript originals. It is the hope and intention of the Secretary of State's office to publish these laws at some future time as a part of the printed *State Papers of Vermont* series. In the meantime, they must be consulted in that office.

There is a great body of documents constituting the returns of the votes cast for county, state and federal officers. Unfortunately they do not go back to the earliest days of the state. Either records were not kept at the time or they were lost at some future date. Broadly speaking, the records are complete only from about 1860 to the present, although many of them go back as far as 1813. It should be noted here that the votes are recorded by towns with aggregates for the counties and the whole state also supplied. This means that local as well as state historians will find useful material in this connection.

The correspondence and papers of many of the Governors have been preserved and constitute a considerable mass of material. From 1888 to the present only one Governor, Charles J. Bell (1904-06),

failed to deposit his papers. From 1860 to 1888 the correspondence of a few of the Governors is on file, while prior to that time there is only scattering material. Some of this is to be found in a collection of documents relating to the administrations of the Governors from 1778 through 1890. This collection consists for the most part of routine papers, such as bonds posted by state banks, extradition papers and a few petitions. However, there are some letters and other items of more substantial value which would serve to supplement any study of the Governors.

There is an extensive collection of papers pertaining to corporations, foreign and domestic, active and inactive. From 1870, the records of the formation of corporations are complete. For some years prior to that date, although there was a general incorporation act, papers were not required to be filed in the Secretary of State's office. Even earlier, of course, incorporations were generally performed by special act of legislation. From 1916 to the present the annual reports of corporations are also on file.

The fifth and last category of continuous records is the Vital Statistics: that is to say, the records of birth, marriages and deaths. These records are on cards alphabetically filed and date from about 1767. It is estimated that there are well over two million of them, and they are divided into five groups for the following years: (1) 1767-1870; (2) 1871-1908; (3) 1909-1941; (4) 1942-1952; (5) 1953 —. In the 5th group, it is of interest to note the information is on a piece of microfilm inserted in the cards. A reader is supplied for their use.

Although these cards constitute a great central index, unfortunately it cannot be said that they constitute a complete file of Vermont vital statistics. In the very early days many births, marriages and deaths were simply not recorded, while in some cases records have been lost or destroyed. Since 1857 the Town Clerks have been required by law to send copies of their vital records to the Secretary of State either directly or through the State Department of Health. The records prior to 1857 have been sent in under laws passed in 1910 and 1919 requiring Town Clerks to forward copies of all records not already on file including cemetery records—that is, tombstone data—for deaths prior to 1870. It will be realized that under these conditions the central index, particularly for the years prior to 1857, could not be absolutely inclusive. In some cases the Town Clerks could not or did not perform their duty. In some cases, therefore, it is possible to obtain missing statistics by consulting the town records.

In addition to the files on births, marriages and deaths, there are

records of adoptions and divorces. The former date back only to about 1920 while the latter go back to 1861.

As we have already noted, the Secretary of State's office also has custody of non-continuous as well as continuous records. The non-continuous are those which have been preserved for their historical interest. Although the Secretary of State's office is not an historical agency, it is the major office of record and deposit for the state government and as a by-product of this function has acted to a degree as an archives for official historical papers. Of these non-continuous documents there are two major categories: the *Vermont State Papers* and the *Surveyor General's Papers*.

The manuscript state papers are either placed in bound volumes or are in loose form properly preserved. There are eighty bound volumes —forty for the years prior to 1800 and the same number for the years after 1800. They contain manuscripts dating from 1777 to about 1860. The volumes which cover the years prior to 1800-known as the old series-include among other items the original acts of the Assembly (as distinguished from the engrossed laws), orders on the treasurer, county court records, petitions to the legislature (some of which have already been published), public letters, commissary receipts, grand lists, treasurer's extents and abatements of taxes. The volumes for the years after 1800 include petitions to the legislature (twenty-two volumes or over half of the whole), reports of officers and institutions, resolutions of the General Assembly, addresses and proclamations of the Governors, papers concerning the State House, reports of committees of the Assembly and papers pertaining to turnpikes.

The use of the volumes of the *State Papers* is greatly facilitated by a massive card index covering names, places and subjects. This index was compiled by Mrs. Mary G. Nye, former editor of *State Papers*, and is a tremendous and indeed indispensable scholarly aid. It is divided into two parts, the first covering a dozen of the most important volumes of the first series and the second all of the volumes of the

second series.

The loose manuscripts comprising the remainder of the *State Papers* collection are placed in ten tin boxes and are, of course, not indexed. The most valuable of these papers are (1) the bills that were introduced but failed of passage from 1800 to 1838, and (2) miscellaneous papers pertaining to the legislature during approximately the same years. It is intended that these records will be placed in volumes and eventually indexed.

The second major category of non-continuous or historical records

is the Surveyor General's Papers 1763-1820. Something over fifty volumes of various sizes comprise this collection. Naturally it contains primarily records of early surveys and the field books of the surveyors, including those of Ira Allen, James Whitelaw, and Eben W. Judd. However, the collection also contains abstracts of vendues, synopses of deeds, miscellaneous proprietors' records, maps, town plans, and even the personal journals of one of the surveyors. An index to the Surveyor General's Papers was published in 1918 as volume I of the State Papers of Vermont. Items are for the most part listed under the towns which they concern, and effective search of this mass of material is thus made possible.

There are, of course, other records not mentioned here which constitute historical sources. These are of both the continuous and the non-continuous types. A few of them may at least be listed here. registration of trade marks, executive records including pardons and paroles and appointments (about 1863 to the present), early sundry charters, abstracts of the grand lists from 1801 through 1915, the roll of hands and the ledger used in connection with the building of the second State House in 1836-37, transcriptions of material in other depositories concerning Vermont history, etc.

It is obvious that the sources of Vermont history in the office of the Secretary of State are in no way comparable to the extensive collections located in such agencies as the Vermont Historical Society and the Wilbur Collection at the University of Vermont. They are not only narrow in their scope but uneven in their coverage of the state's history. They do not for a moment comprise the greater share of the state's official papers. There is a great body of material in the other offices and departments and in the custody of the Public Records Commission. It is to be hoped that at some not too distant date all of the state's non-current records will be assembled in one place and an archives established. At that time a more comprehensive and valuable article will doubtless be written introducing all of the basic sources of the state's history.

Possibly some need to be reminded that the Secretary of State's office from time to time publishes some of its manuscript sources in a series known as the State Papers of Vermont. The first volume of this series, The Index to the Surveyor General's Papers, has already been mentioned. The charters of the towns granted by Vermont were published as volume II, while the journals of the General Assembly (1778-1791) were printed in four parts as volume III and the reports of committees to the General Assembly (1778-1801) as volume IV. Petitions for land were printed as volume V and the papers relating to the confiscation of Tory estates as volume VI. The New York land patents covering lands within the state of Vermont were published as volume VII and general petitions (1778–1787) as volume VIII. It is now planned to put out volume IX containing general petitions 1788–1792 in 1954 or early 1955 and to follow this with two more volumes publishing all the general petitions prior to 1800.

In conclusion, it should be emphasized that the manuscripts considered in this paper are all public records. The Secretary of State joins me in assurances that every possible aid will be given to those

who may seriously wish to consult them.



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## FOOTNOTES TO VERMONT HISTORY: A DEPARTMENT

Brief items which may focus a bit of light on any phase of Vermont history will be welcomed for this department. The range is wide from the factual to the purely legendary. Editor.

1. Gold in Vermont
From the Westfield, Mass., Journal, December 31, 1833

It may perhaps excite a smile, to see gold occupying a place in a description of the minerals of Massachusetts. It has not indeed been found in this state; but I am able in this place, to announce the existence of a deposit of this metal, in the southern part of Vermont, and I feel no small degree of confidence, that it will be found in Massachusetts. . . . I have already described an iron mine, as occurring in Somerset, Vermont. It is owned by S. V. S. Wilder, Esq. of Brooklyn, New York, who has erected a bloomery forge near the spot. Sometime ago one of the workmen engaged in these iron works, saw in the American Journal of Science, a suggestion of Professor Eaton of Troy, that since the gold of the Southern States and of Mexico is in talcose slate, we might expect to find it in the same rock in New England: especially about the branches of the Deerfield river. He commenced an examination in a brook near the mine, and was soon rewarded by the discovery of a spherical mass of gold, of the value of more than a dollar; afterwards he found other small pieces. At the request of Mr. Wilder, I visited this spot a few weeks ago, and found that an individual conversant with the gold mines in the Southern States, and acquainted with the process of washing the metal from the soil, had just been examining the region now spoken of.—The result was a conviction, that over several hundred acres at least, gold was common in the soil. In a bushel of dirt collected in various places he found about three penny weights of very pure gold.-Mr. Wilder proceeded himself to exhibit to me an ocular demonstration of the existence of gold in the soil by washing for it. From about six quarts of dirt, taken a foot below the surface, we obtained (although not very skilful in manipulations of this sort) twenty or thirty small pieces weighing about seven grains. Indeed, by the aid of my knife, I picked two or three pieces from the dirt.

The iron ore is in beds in distinct talcose slate; and a considerable part of the ore is the hydrous, and contained in a porous quartz. In this quartz were found several spherical pieces of gold, scarcely larger than a pigeon shot. It exists also in the Southern States, in finer particles in the yellowish iron ore. And specimens of the quartz and iron at this place, cannot be distinguished from what is called gold ore, at the gold mines in Virginia, and North Carolina. Indeed, a suite of specimens from the Somerset iron mine, could not be distinguished, except by labels, from a similar suite from the South.

In every case in which gold has been found at this place, in the soil, it was accompanied by more or less of iron sand, and some distance north of the mine, neither could be found; but how far to the South and East it occurs, has not been ascertained. I am inclined, however, to believe, that the gold at this locality, will be found to be always

associated with the iron.

We are told at Somerset, that several years ago, a mass of gold was found in the bed of Deerfield river, three or four miles to the south of the mine which was sold for sixty-eight dollars, and we had no reason to doubt the statement. Certain it is, that a few years since a piece was discovered by General Field, weighing eight and a half ounces, in New Fane, a town twelve or fifteen miles east of Somerset.

2. A WATCH FACTORY IN ROXBURY, VT. From RALPH W. PUTNAM We find it very difficult to secure brief items on various businesses of the past, and our members and readers are invited to submit such items. They should be factually correct. In the total absence of any history of Vermont businesses, these notes may well serve some future historian as clues even as they assist us with a glimpse. Editor.

In 1867 a watch factory was built in Roxbury, Vt., near the railway station. On Aug. 1, 1879, a partnership was formed under the title, J. G. Hall Mfg. Co., between J. G. Hall and his son, F. W. Hall, for the manufacture of watchmaker's tools. J. G. Hall invented a precision tool, sold under the name of "staking tool."

These tools were sold and used in the United States, Canada, France, and England. The firm also manufactured tools for watch-repairer's use. The Hall Company won a gold medal for the high-

grade quality of the tools they manufactured.

[One of the company's small hammers, delicately balanced, is in the Society's collections, the gift of Mr. Putnam. Editor.]

# 3. A Coin and a Legend From E. S. Wright, Montgomery Center, Vt.

Mr. Wright, now in his seventy-fifth year, informs us that he has the coin in his possession. Editor.

One day in the summer of 1928, the year following the big flood that immersed so many Vermont villages, the writer of this footnote was walking along a sidewalk in the village of Waterbury, when something circular having a little gleam and lying about four feet off the walk, caused him to pause and retrieve it. It was covered by a coating of silt, and it was some minutes before the finder, with much scraping and rubbing, could distinguish that it was a Spanish silver coin about the size of an American silver dollar and bore the date 1786.

It was with quite a bit of ego that the finder, who was a traveling salesman, would show the coin to various of his customers, after having completed his business with them, and recount the story of his find, most of whom manifested much interest and speculation in the matter. Some days after, the salesman was showing it to a merchant in Jericho, when an elderly customer of the store asked if he might see it and after looking it over remarked, "That ties in with a legend which my grandfather told about when I was a boy." He went on to say that his "Gramp" told of a farmer who had cleared some land adjacent to the Winooski and was preparing it for crops. One day he plowed up a skeleton, encased in clothes which were not too deteriorated, and within the coat pocket was found a diary and a partially made map which were legible enough to be made out fairly well, they having been encased in a leather wallet.

From the diary it would seem that three men in Boston had gotten together and decided to go to the Lake Champlain Country, to seek their fortunes in the Allen brothers' domain of the late 1700's. They had quite a little capital, but money in those days was mostly of foreign vintage of either gold or silver, hence very heavy to carry. With their load of provisions, a gun, blankets, etc., they were heavily loaded and progress was necessarily slow.

From the map it would seem they took off in a northwesterly direction until they came to the Connecticut River and followed that up to where the White River joined it. After following the White for many miles, they continued northerly until they struck the Dog and followed it to where it joined the Winooski. From entries in the diary it seems, one of the party was taken very ill while following

the Dog River and was so bad when they reached the Winooski he was unable to walk. After some rest here the two able members of the party constructed a stretcher of saplings, withes, and blankets and loaded the invalid, their equipment, gun, and treasure onto the stretcher and headed down the Winooski. However, the heavy load and the uneven pathway were so exhausting to the bearers that they decided to bury the treasure and proceed to their destination and come back for it after they had gotten located. According to the map and notes they selected a huge tree on the north side of the river and took good cognizance of its size, shape, etc., and then paced off a "certain number of paces" in a true north direction, where they buried the money at the base of another large tree, putting an evergreen tree top over where they had dug.

After lightening their load, they proceeded down the river for many miles, but their man on the stretcher died, and they buried him adjacent to the river, where the farmer later plowed up his skeleton. The diary found in his pocket was written up to and included the fact

of his death and burial by one of the other men.

Soliloquizing further, the Jericho store customer said his Grandpa told of many early Williston settlers spending much time in searching the terrain on the north bank of the Winooski River near Waterbury for the buried treasure, but never finding any. "It could be that the 1927 flood may have floated your Spanish coin down into the village of Waterbury." I like to think so and regret that "Gramp" could furnish no intelligence regarding the two survivors of the party.

# 4. Notes on Henry R. Campbell From Richard Sanders Allen, Round Lake, N. Y.

Henry R. Campbell is apparently one of those unsung engineers of a century ago, well-known and respected in their time, but forgotten

today.

Our first notice of Henry R. Campbell indicates that he was in charge of a survey for a railroad to run between Norristown and Allentown, Pa., in 1835. From that reference we may judge that he was a Pennsylvanian. Early engineers were young; so perhaps we may guess that he was born about 1810. Serving under him on this job was Herman Haupt, just out of West Point, who was to become famed as a bridge designer, railroad man, Hoosac tunnel builder, and Civil War general.

In 1839, "H. R. Campbell, Esq., C. E.," wrote a testimonial for a Baldwin locomotive that he had witnessed performing in Philadelphia. This was published in Baldwin's catalog of 1840. In the 1830's he devised an "improvement" on locomotives, "using two pairs of driving wheels coupled by rods."

After ten years, Haupt notes in his book, General Theory of Bridge Construction, written in 1849, that Campbell was introducing Burr arch

wooden bridges in New England at that time.

An 1851 Railway Guide lists him as engineer of the Vermont

Central Railroad, with headquarters at Northfield, Vt.

He was the "noted bridge-builder of the Vermont Central and the Vermont and Canada railroads" who in 1850-51 designed and built the ingenious "boat" or floating bridge with draw across the foot of Lake Champlain from Alburg to Rouses Point, N. Y. This was

5,290 feet long.

From available evidence we would judge that Mr. Campbell was responsible for the construction of the large Burr arched bridges on the Vermont Central and other lines. Probably the most important of his designs were the large arched-deck bridges over the Lamoille at Georgia Station, the twin bridges over Winooski Gorge east of Burlington, and the big "double-barrel" railroad bridge of the Passumpsic and Connecticut River Railroad at White River Junction over White River.

Other possibilities were the numerous bridges built on the Howe truss plan for the Central Vermont, such as those over the White River north of Hartford (destroyed in later years by a train wreck), at Bethel over the White River and in other places. On the Central branch into Montpelier was an arch bridge over the Winooski, which was later replaced by another covered bridge on the Howe truss plan (according to existing pictures).

Another possibility is that Campbell may have had a hand in the design and erection of the Northern New York Railroad bridges (now the Ogdensburgh line of the Rutland Railroad). Designs showing the construction of bridges on this line follow the pattern of railway deck-wooden bridges such as those on the Central Vermont. They were very well built, and were among the oldest existing railroad bridges in New York state after forty years, in 1890. As has been mentioned, the Vermont Central and Northern (N.Y.) roads were interrelated.

The last mention of Campbell found is the contract for the erection of the "Heineburg Bridge" over the Winooski to the north of Burling-

ton. He contracted for the erection of this bridge on the Howe truss plan, with the town of Colchester, Vt. in 1860.

Questions: 1. Where was Campbell born and raised, educated? 2. Where did he die and where is he buried? 3. Are there any pictures of him extant? 4. Could he have gone on to the Northern Pacific with Gov. Gregory Smith after the Civil War? 5. Did he have a family? Are there any living descendants? 6. Did he build other highway bridges in Vermont?

These sources have been consulted: General Theory of Bridge Construction by Haupt, 1851; Strains on Railroad Bridges in New York State, 1891; Reminiscences of General Herman Haupt by Haupt, 1901; Reports of the Town of Burlington, March 6, 1860; Bulletin 53, R & LHS; Rouses Point Bridge by Doherty; photographs, old prints, and plans in the collection of the writer.

#### 5. Memories of Calvin Coolidge From Henry T. Brown, Tangerine, Fla.

Mr. Brown, well along in the pleasant eighties, sends us, at our request, these recollections of his schoolmate, Calvin Coolidge, and their Plymouth days. Editor.

He went to school in the old stone schoolhouse now replaced by the wood building now there. The store at the Notch did have pictures of the stone building. His boyhood days were much as any farm boy of those days. His mother died when he was quite young (a very handsome woman) and his sister Abbie, who, I think, was only thirteen. I expect she died of what would now be called appendicitis. His father married the second time Carrie Brown, a first cousin of mine, and there was a very close tie between her and Cal. Prof. Scott, a Plymouth teacher in N.H. State College, had this to say of her when a teacher in Plymouth: "She was the best pupil I ever had in fifty years of teaching. She was not a bookworm, but always had her lessons and was always ahead of her class mentally."

His life, I always claimed, was molded by his grandmother, a woman 'way ahead of her age and generation. She had a Sunday School class and a small library for the children in the church. Cal was quieter than most lads, did not enter the more boisterous games as he was rather puny as a child. He, as well as his grandfather, always wore frocks made of white and blue yarn woven together. I don't remember that any other boy wore one. When elected, or rather when he stepped up from the vice presidency, they tried to

get one, but there was none of the cloth to be bought and the brown ones worn were a poor substitute. When in college at Amherst he won a gold medal for the best essay. I think the subject was the causes that led up to the Civil War. He did not tell his father for two months that he had won it.

His father came into my store one day during the police strike and said he had a letter from Cal and he wrote it would probably be the end of his political career, but he thought he was right and was going ahead and he would have, too.

There was an old army man at Plymouth, almost a recluse, and when Cal was home on vacation, he would go up and stay with him.

I think he was getting material for his essay.

When in the Academy, my sister, niece and myself hired a tenement and boarded ourselves, and they would take us down Sunday and come for us Friday and bring most of the food from the farm. One night, the owner of the tenement was in and Cal came in and remarked, "I thought I would come down, Henry, and help you on your algebra." The next morning the old lady said, "Does he have to come down and help Henry?" My sister said, "No. He came down to have Henry help him!" Thus early in life he showed signs of being a good politician.

He used to hunt woodchucks on the farm.

There are six generations of Coolidges buried at the Notch and that is where he wanted to be buried. There are also six generations of Browns. A relative of his, an uncle, I think, went to Arkansas, and when he knew he could not live said, "Carry me back to old Vermont where the rills trickle down the hills. There is where I want to lie when I die." The above is on his gravestone.

We had a Coolidge Club at the Notch and held a meeting in the church after his death each year. I was President of the Association one year and on the nominating committee for years. I got Leon Gay on one year. Others well known were Senator Spear of Woodstock, Judge George Burnham, and many others. A niece of mine,

Mrs. Judge Wilcox, was for many years the secretary.

Guess I wrote you I was there the night Cal took the oath of office but one half hour late. Five of us were sworn by U.S. Marshal Harvey of Chester to act as escort to Rutland. He afterwards made out a regular form, sealed and signed, which I have as a souvenir. We were to go to Rutland with him and if the Secret Service men did not get there in time (they were ordered from Boston), three of us were to go to Washington with him.

One funny thing happened which I guess was never told. One of the bunch insisted if he was to go as a guard he wanted a gun. We tried to convince him we were merely an escort, but he was insistent. I took him and went to my brother's nearby and got him up at 4 A.M. (He had not even heard of Cal taking the oath). He did not have a gun but said a man at the Union had just bought a new Germanmake one. So we went down and woke him up. He had the gun but no bullets. I said, "The stage driver came into my store at Ludlow and got them today." He said, "They must be up at the post office." So we got the postmaster out of bed, got the cartridges, and he was armed and happy.

A man from Northampton, Mass., was here this winter and told of a man from the West with an expensive car who stopped before Cal's tenement and asked if that was the right place, and the man said, "My God! Is that where the President of the United States

Uncle John lived in the corner house now taken over by the state. There was a hall and I have danced in it and danced many times at

kitchen jigs when he "fiddled."

I could add another call for a square dance. "The first two ladies cross over and with the gentlemen stand, the next two ladies cross over and all join hands. Salute the opposition, salute your partners all. Take the corner lady and promenade the hall."

I have often wished some of the old sayings of Vermonters could

be put in a book.

Here is one of many years ago. An old lady in Pomfret was picking berries on posted land. The owner sent his hired man up to tell her to get off the lot. She took a pencil and paper out of her pocket and wrote, "I'm an old lady of 71. I've picked berries from sun to sun. Men can make laws but I shan't mind them. I shall pick berries wherever I find them." She sent this message back to the owner and kept on picking.

> 6. Corrections Relating to Wallingford From Nellie I. Button, Wallingford, Vt.

Certain errors appeared in Hemenway's Gazetteer in the Wallingford sketch by Sanderson, according to the author. Whenever evidence seems worthy of consideration, notes designed to clarify or correct the Gazetteer text will appear in this department. Editor.

Anyone attempting to write the history of an early Vermont settlement is almost certain to run into conflicting records.

It is very unfortunate that Sanderson, writing of Wallingford in Hemenway's Vermont Gazetteer did not make more careful research, for the errors he made were repeated by Thorpe in his History of Wallingford and later by Batchelder in People of Wallingford.

In justice to Sanderson, we must consider how much he had trusted men and women who were repeating from memory what they had been told, some of them very prejudiced. Two of his informers were granddaughters of Abraham Jackson: Mrs. Harvey Button, daughter of Jackson's youngest child, and Mrs. Cyrus Hamlin, wife of the founder of Roberts College, later President of Middlebury College. Both, trusting written family records, agreed that Abraham Jackson had brought his family from Salisbury, Conn., in 1773 to settle on 1,000 acres of land in Wallingford, that he was a deacon in the first Congregational church, and was the first town representative. In his Wallingford article, Sanderson calls their statements "pleasing fictions."

Now, one hundred years later, it must be shown that Sanderson was in error, not they. This late explanation is now possible because the Vermont Historical Society has published records long unknown to most Vermonters.

The first error to clarify is the thrice-repeated statement that Wallingford was settled under a New Hampshire charter made by Governor Wentworth in 1761. This charter was forfeited by failure to meet the requirement of cultivation of the land within the five-year limit.

In 1772, the proprietors who were listed in the charter of 1761 met in Wallingford, Conn., and laid plans for proceeding to cultivation as though their charter were still active. It should be recalled that Connecticut once had two settlements named Wallingford.

But also, in 1772, Governor Tryon of New York issued grants of 1,000 acres each to settlers in Durham and Wallingford, covering in all some 35,000 acres. Not until after this order by Tryon was issued as a peace offering to the Grants was there any legal cultivation of land in Wallingford.

Most Vermont settlers made some cultivation and built temporary cabins before bringing families to the wilderness. Doubtless, Abraham Jackson had taken these precautions. My father told me that the location of the first Jackson house was on a bluff near Otter River.

It is interesting to note that between 1772 and the beginning of the hostilities of the Revolution, there was a desire to make Otter Creek Valley a roadway to Lake Champlain, the northern gate. Most active

in pressing this idea were the Allens and their associates. They believed free trade with Canada and France would lead to peace in the

colonies. The Allens never gave up that hope.

In 1773, when Abraham Jackson brought his family to Wallingford, he was settling under Governor Tryon's declaration. But the promise of peace along the Otter was short-lived. Wallingford was an Allen stronghold and Durham had many Tories. The historic Durham raid paved the way for continued strife, ending when common danger drew the pioneers together.

The earliest Wallingford records were lost, or more accurately stated, borrowed and never returned. They would now be interesting reading of pre-Revolutionary days. The first record of a town meeting is carefully preserved. It is the first record of Wallingford history after town organization was accomplished. All previous government had been carried on by committees. These committees acted in connection with the New England Committees of Correspondence that paved the way for the Revolution.

In the first preserved record, that of the town meeting of 1779, we find Abraham Jackson was moderator. The records show he took this difficult task many times in the stormy days that followed. He was acting in that capacity for the last time at the town meeting in 1791, the first after Vermont had given up its distinction as an independent republic to become the fourteenth state in the Union. He died

in his sixty-third year—September, 1791.

It is probable that his statement made to his daughter, Lorraine, and his son, William, that he was "first representative," referred to the memorable convention at Dorset. The state records show he signed as the sixth on the list. This convention followed the Declaration of Independence by twenty days, and swift runners had probably brought the news to the Grants. With the signing of this covenant these Vermont pioneers shared the risk of those signing at Philadelphia.

Many times in succeeding years he was the choice of the voters

as their state representative.

He was at the March and October sessions at Windsor in 1778, at Bennington in 1780 (October), at Windsor in February, 1781, at Windsor in October, 1781, at the adjourned meeting at Bennington, in January, 1782. At this time he served on a committee to prepare a bill to "enable the several towns to raise their quotas of men for the ensuing campaign."

From this time to 1785, we find other names as Wallingford dele-

gates, for Captain Jackson was at the Fort in Castleton or otherwise concerned with defense efforts.

In 1785, he was again at Windsor, at Westminster in 1789, at Castleton in 1790, at Bennington in January, 1791. A search of town and state records shows that the eighteen years of his life spent in Wallingford were given in conscientious, effective service to town, state and country.

His grave in the older part of Wallingford cemetery is marked by a small white marble stone (of Dorset marble). It states the date of

his death as September 18, in his sixty-third year.

The deed of Jackson's Gore to Abraham Jackson, Esq. and his associates is recorded in a Vermont state publication—Vermont Charters, p. 105. The next to last name in the list of grantees is that of Jackson's son, Abraham, junior. The deed made at this time is one of many made by Gov. Chittenden to the end that through the sale of unsettled lands, money might be raised to pay to Revolutionary soldiers. Some of these chartered townships were settled, others were not. Jackson's Gore became, after Jackson's death, part of Mount Holly. The original map of the Gore is in Wallingford Town Hall vault.

It is hard for us today to understand the importance attached one hundred years ago to any title of distinction in a church organization. Both granddaughters were insistent that their family records agreed in that Jackson was active in organizing the first Congregational church and was a deacon. Sanderson in this matter had good grounds to doubt them. The Wallingford church was not organized until after Jackson's death. But it is strange that Sanderson did not see that the Jackson family record referred to the organization of the church at Rutland—"The first Congregational church in the state north of Mass., south of Canada, east of the Hudson, and west of the Connecticut." So it was described in the preface to the first sermon, which was given by Rev. Benajah Roots, a Princeton graduate whom they engaged as their minister. There were fourteen original members, only four of whom were from Rutland, and most of them were old friends back in Litchfield County, and had recently come to settle in the neighborhood of Rutland. That they hired Rev. Roots has significance to the student of religious philosophy in its bearing upon political developments. Under Rutland in Hemenway's Vermont Gazetteer, the Rev. Aldace Walker gives a scholarly account of the questioned doctrines of Rev. Roots, not unfavorable to Roots but doubtless distrusted by the Calvinistic Sanderson. The name of Eleanor Jackson does not appear on the list of members, a fact that may confirm the belief that she was a Quaker.

Another who strongly influenced the thought of the earliest Otter Valley settlers from the Salisbury section of Connecticut was Dr. Thomas Young. Dr. Young was living in that section at the time of the exodus. He had been a member of Franklin's own Junto clubs and was always a close friend of Franklin. That he started Junto clubs in the Salisbury section is very probable. It was Young who later aided in the forming of the Vermont constitution.

Like many of the settlers of New England, Abraham Jackson was a descendant of a colonial settler of the 1630 period. His great-grandfather, Henry Jackson, came over on the *Elizabeth*, settled in Connecticut and is credited as the builder of one of the first tide mills in the colonies.

All accounts agree that Abraham Jackson was the father of ten children when he brought his family into the Vermont wilderness, and that one child, Lorraine, was born in Wallingford.

The oldest child, Eleanor, was named for her mother, Eleanor Ferris Jackson. His second child, a son, was named Abraham. His fourth son was Jethro. Other names established are Asahel, Jedediah, Rachel and William. Some may have died young. The best source of information regarding the children of Abraham Jackson is given under "Mt. Holly" in Hemenway's *Vermont Gazetteer* in an article by Dr. John Crowley.

Jackson died intestate. So did a surprising number of the early settlers of this section. They were all men successful, more or less, in a financial way, but believed in disposing of wealth before death.

Or did they?

But Abraham Jackson did leave a will, still on file at Rutland County Probate Court. To his son Abraham, he left the settling of any matters left unsettled by himself. To Eleanor Allen he left fifty pounds. (That may refer either to his daughter, a widow, or to his granddaughter, Eleanor Allen, soon to be married to Epaphras Miller.) To his wife, Eleanor, he left household goods, his books, his cane, and several bushels of wheat, and his best suit of clothes. This last item is not uncommon in old wills. They refer to clothes worn on state occasions; and, contrary to the notion of some writers of fiction, the clothes were of the finest of broadcloth and velvet. They were willed as a token of affection for one who had shared hardships and honors. The wheat, too, has special significance to the student who

recalls that Vermont had suffered at this time a famine that caused much suffering.

All of Jackson's children left Wallingford before or soon after his

death.

Today there is no visible object to the memory of Abraham Jackson. Soon after his death, Jackson's Gore became a part of Mt. Holly. The lake known for over a hundred years as Jackson's Pond was changed to Star Lake, a name he would have approved. I believe he would be happy that Killington is still reflected in the waters of that beautiful mountain lake, for Killington was the Pisgah of these earliest Vermonters.





#### FOLKLORE DEPARTMENT

EDITED by LEON W. DEAN
President, Green Mountain Folklore Society

#### Believe It or Not

(This happened in Vermont quite a long time ago. Neither you nor I could doubt the woman's word. She told me she was going to report the incident to the Society for Psychical Research, London. Whether she did or not, I do not know.—Frances Hobart, Winooski.)

This woman, whom I will call L., had a woman friend with whom she was very intimate. The friend had a daughter. The daughter died and was buried. The night after the funeral, or very soon after, L. was alone in a house; I think in the same village where the mother and daughter lived.

In the evening she heard a knock at the door. She went. No one there. This was repeated several times; then there were knocks at the front windows. No one to be seen there. Next, the front door blew open and a terrific shriek was heard in the room. That was the

end of that demonstration.

The next day, or a little later, L. saw the mother of the dead girl. The mother said the same thing had happened at her house, only more so. By means of questions from the mother and answers in knocks she learned that the daughter wanted her mother to get a letter in the house. Said letter associated a certain married man in that town with the daughter. The daughter wanted the letter destroyed. That was done and there were no more manifestations.

L. thought that because she and the mother were so intimate she

got the same messages and vibrations.



### Sudden Death

A stone which attracted my attention in St. James Cemetery in Arlington has the image of a child engraved near its top. The following inscription aroused my curiosity:

"In memory of Adoniram Hawley, son of Mr. Zodak and Mrs.

Rhoda Hawley of Arlington who departed his life in a surprising manner, April 10th A. D. 1792, aged 3 years and 12 days."

Here lies the youth in childhood cropt By sudden death that awful shock Which spares no one when on them sent And while we live our lives are lent.

The following story was told to me as an explanation of the above: "This little boy was just old enough to be around following his brothers and sisters. At this time rail fences enclosed the land. Adoniram decided to join his brothers and sisters, who were out in an enclosed pasture. Adoniram put his head through the rail fence and was having some difficulty in getting the rest of his body through. An older brother, coming to his aid, stepped on the rail above, which was rotten and immediately broke. It went down with great force, hitting Adoniram on the neck and instantly killing him."—Jessie Hulet, So. Shaftsbury

# Arithmetic in Verse

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age was to that of my bride
As three times three to three:
But now when ten and a half ten years
We man and wife have been,
Her age to mine exactly bears
As eight is to sixteen.
Now tell me pray, from what I've said,
What were our ages when we wed?
Ans:—Thy age when married must have been,
Just forty-five, thy wife's fifteen.

—Anna M. Leahy, Bennington

# Heavenly Music

One of the early tales of Ryegate concerns a young girl named Elizabeth McCallum. Elizabeth, who was a general favorite and remarkable for her lovable disposition, was sent by her father on horseback to the home of John McNab in the east part of the town, a distance of several miles, her journey lying mainly through the woods.

On arriving at her destination, she related that in passing through the forest, at a spot which she described with great minuteness, her progress was arrested by strange and beautiful music, which seemed to come from every direction above and around her, filling the air. She remained fixed to the spot until the music died away. In the afternoon she set out on her return, but, not appearing at nightfall, her father and neighbors went in search of her and found her lying dead at the spot which she had so minutely described. No marks or bruises were found on her body, or anything to indicate the cause of her death. In the churchyard at Barnet Center her grave is thus marked:

Elizabeth, dau. John and Ellen McCallum Died July 28, 1812, aged 14 years

-Margaret Muchmore, Bennington



#### Advertisement

HARNESSES
COLLARS, BRIDLES, SADDLES, BLANKETS
WHIPS etc.

15 per cent

Less than their ACTUAL VALUE

# The Old Veteran HARNESSMAKER

of 1857 announces to his friends, customers, and everybody in the State of Vermont that he is as ready and willing now as he has been for the past twenty years, to furnish them with all kinds of Harness, from the heaviest Team to the finest Buggy, manufactured this side of New York City.

I have also the finest assortments of HORSE BLANKETS AND LAP ROBES to be found in Bennington county, at the lowest market

price.

COLLARS.—I would call the attention of the public to my large stock of Team Collars, of my own manufacture, which I warrant not to gall a horse, and manufactured of the best Collar Leather. I use no horsehide or flank, but warrant them to be made of whole stock.

CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS and Repairing Harness a Specialty.

Yours, for the next century,

J. V. HUPF

Opposite M. E. Church, Main St.

Bennington, Jan. 29, 1879.

-Mary L. Plumb, Bennington

#### Wolf! Wolf!

(A friend of mine told me this story, which had been told to him by his father, one of the participants. The incident occurred at Connecticut Corner in Braintree.—Ruth A. Martin, So. Shaftsbury.)

Few people at this time owned a good rifle, and a person was looked up to by his fellow men if he did possess this rare implement. Mr. Flint was the proud owner of a fine rifle, and he was considered a wonderful marksman.

An old woman lived nearby, and her name was Kinney. She was a great hand to gossip, and no news ever escaped her. Some of the things she told were true, and some were just as far the other way. Mr. Flint did not like Mrs. Kinney and therefore did not take much stock in what she said.

Frank Thayer, a prosperous farmer, started out to fix his fence. On the way he saw an old mother bear with two cubs heading for the brook to drink. He immediately told his friends, and they made plans to surround the woods and either capture or shoot the bears.

The men sent word to Connecticut Corner because they knew Mr. Flint had a fine new rifle. Of course, Mrs. Kinney was the one to break the news to him. Knowing how she gossiped, he said to his wife:

"That is one of the old lady's stories. There are no bears around this part of Braintree. She isn't going to drag me off on a tomfool errand."

So he remained at home. The next day word came that the men had succeeded in capturing the old bear and her two cubs. Mr. Flint was pretty disappointed at not having been able to demonstrate his skill with his new rifle.

### Don't Worry, Amos

Old Mr. Dart was as deaf as a doorknob. One day he went over to Monktonboro to buy a young pig from Amos Palmer.

The two men talked awhile, haggling over the price in the approved Yankee way, and finally a bargain was made to the satisfaction of both.

As Palmer's hired man was not around, Mr. Dart told him he would catch the pig himself. The pig did considerable dodging around, but after several lunges the old man managed to get hold of one. Not by accident was it the best pig in the litter.

"Hold on, you can't have that pig!" cried Palmer. "He's already sold!"

"Don't worry, Amos," the deaf old man returned. "I can hold him." -Norma S. Bridges, Bennington

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#### All For A Cent

Two families living on Elder Hill on adjacent farms did not get on together too well. One day a member of the family which lived farthest from Lincoln Center came into the village store. The usual gathering was assembled there.

"What do you think I saw as I came by Meader's?" he asked.

"What'd you see?"

"I saw the devil on the roof fishing down the chimney."

"Did he catch anything?"

"Naw, he had a nickel for bait. If he'd had a cent, he'd caught the whole damned family."

-Told by the late George Varney of Lincoln and recorded by Rev. Samuel N. Bean, Norwich, Conn.

### Rare Sport!

In Fayston, not far from the place known as the Battleground, is Pigeon Hollow. This section received its name from the fact that in the year 1849 a great number of blue pigeons nested there. They were so numerous that the branches of the trees were bowed down with the weight of the birds. When word of this got around, people came from even as far as Montpelier to shoot them-and in those days a matter of twenty-five miles was no little jaunt. So many were killed that by the end of the summer they had been practically exterminated.

-Elizabeth D. Joslin, Waitsfield

# Those Old Sheep Days

When the two boys were small, their mother died. Grandfather took some of the money she left and bought each of the boys two sheep. In those days a farmer would take anyone's sheep and double them in four years, keeping the extra lambs for his pay. In due time the boys went to drive their eight sheep home. On the way back, Dad, who was only five or six years old at the time, got lost, and it took about half a day to find him.

When Birney was very young, his father took him on a buying trip, and he encountered a yearling buck that knocked him through a fence. The poor little fellow tried to get back through the fence, but he finally decided to stay where he was until help came.

As boys grow older, they become rather mischievous. One stunt was to get two yearling bucks together. These bucks would sometimes jump as high as eight feet into the air and even break each other's necks. Upon one occasion a buck got his head through a window and ran off with the sash around his neck.

Dad remembers going to Frelighsburg, Canada, after some sheep when he was about ten years old. They took a big Concord wagon which would hold three sheep, in case some played out, and three men. They had to eat breakfast at three in the morning in order to get to Frelighsburg and meet the drove of sheep at seven. Then it would take all day to drive them into Richford. One time when Dad got into Richford, he was so tired that he leaned against a post and went to sleep standing up.

Grandfather and his sons went after a herd of goats up in South Richford once. The goats were about as tame as deer. Nevertheless, where one goat or sheep will go, the others will usually follow. They finally cornered the goats on top of some frozen, slippery ledges. Dad caught one and attempted to lead it. As they both lost their footing and came crashing down, Grandfather yelled, "Don't hurt the goat!"

Sheep were important in those days, but dairy cattle began to replace them.—Marjorie Combs Roberts, East Berkshire



### Let's Go Fishing

There are two or three things which we boys used to do that I think are not commonly practiced now. Our one relaxation was "going fishing." After I was ten years old I was expected to be at some sort of farm work steadily, day after day, from early morning till dark, but nearly always had one afternoon each week to fish.

The only bait we used was fishworms, but to induce the fish to bite we had several formulas. One was to carefully spit on the baited hook just before throwing it into the water. Another was to enclose in the bait box with the worms a piece of that hard "castor" secreted on the inside of a horse's leg—that from the front leg being generally

peeled off and used. This is a very strong smelling substance, the

odor of which was supposed to attract the fish.

The third required some preparation, and I have never heard of its being used elsewhere. A glass bottle, well filled with earthworms and tightly corked, was suspended by a string or wire in some sunny locality and allowed to hang for some days or maybe weeks. The result would be a small amount of sediment in the bottom of a clear, transparent liquid which we called "Fishworm Oil" and which had a very strong odor of decaying worms. A small quantity of this liquid added to a can full of live worms would impregnate the whole with this odor and supposedly induce the fish to bite or at least attract them. In any event, we got fish.—Amos J. Eaton, South Royalton

# It's Like That

Before we moved to Vermont, we were told that there were two seasons—winter and the Fourth of July. Just the other day I repeated that to a native Vermonter. He corrected me and said, "Vermont weather consists of winter and then four months of hard sleighing."—Alice Windnagle, Bennington

## Dual Purpose Coffin

Lysander Barnes was a huge man. He towered six-foot plus in his stocking feet. "Lys" was somewhat of a carpenter. During the 1850's. he was the "Mr. Fix It" of the north end of town.

It suddenly dawned upon Lys one day that at some time he must depart this life, and realizing that he was of generous stature and knowing the inadequacy of the coffin vendors of the nearby city of North Adams, Mass., he set to work to "fix" himself a sturdy box of native pine.

His handiwork completed, as the story goes, Lys climbed in to see that the fit was right, then stored the coffin against the day of need.

Now Lys was a resourceful Vermont Yankee who could not abide seeing things go to waste. The fact that all that smooth, lovely pine storage space was going begging annoyed Lys. To think was to act. So Lysander decided to utilize the space as a receptacle for beans.

At the north end of town at that time was a sawmill and lumbering area. Lys sold the beans to the lumbermen and their families, quart by quart. The folks of the valley laughed, but consumed eighty-four cubic feet of beans without a tremor.—Marion B. Lawrence, Stamford

# Tending to His Knitting

Around 1820 revival meetings were held in the east part of the town. Several people who attended these meetings were subject to peculiar manifestations called the "jerks." Their heads, hands and feet and sometimes the whole body developed peculiar jerks. The movements were accompanied by boisterous shouting, clapping of hands and wild conduct generally. Some would fall to the floor and remain apparently unconscious for a long period of time; others would whirl around and around repeatedly; while others would hop and skip about, going through irregular dance routines. It was claimed that this condition afforded them a high state of spiritual enjoyment. I have never seen one of these exhibitions, but I remember as a youngster when people gave dramatic tellings of their spiritual experiences.

One preacher, going down the aisle of the church, pointed to a man

and said: "My good man, are you working for Jesus?"

"No, by God! I'm working for the Rod Lewis Knitting Mill!"—Walter C. Wood, Bennington

# Giants in Those Days

Captain Samuel Hill's wife was a Bunker. The Bunkers lived in the town now called Huntington, which borders Starksboro on the east. Her brothers were Dodipher and Sam Bunker, who were possessed of such strength and stature as to be considered giants. Dodipher was the older and larger, but each was well over six feet and weighed over three hundred pounds. It was necessary for them to turn sideways in order to pass through an ordinary doorway, their shoulders were so broad. Dodipher could pick up a cask of cider and drink from the bunghole. My father says that his father, when a small boy, knew Sam Bunker, who was then an old man. He remembered seeing Sam brace his feet against an ox cart and lift a cask of cider from it and set the cask on the ground without chugging it.

One day as Dodipher and a companion were chopping wood, a huge bear was discovered consuming, with evident relish, their lunch, which had been placed under a tree near by. Dodipher promptly grabbed his ax and made at the bear. The bear raised up on his hind legs, preparing to fight, but with one blow Dodipher split the animal's head open and then calmly went back to his chopping.

Both Dodipher and Sam were especially welcome at raisings, so easily could they lift huge timbers and swing them into place.—Elsie

H. Pool, North Clarendon

#### Riddle Me a Riddle

(The following is another riddle which used to be recited by my grand-mother, Esther Deavitt Holmes, nearly forty years ago—Frances E. Holmes, Montpelier.)

"Joe! Joe! Me see toe!"

"Where, Joe? Where, Joe? Hit 'im with the hoe, Joe! Hit 'im with the hoe!

Ow! That's my toe!"

"I knew that a long time ago!"

Explanation or interpretation of above: Two Negroes, each named Joe, are working in the garden. Joe (a) notices that Joe (b)'s toe is protruding from Joe (b)'s shabby shoe.

Therefore, Joe (a) says "Me see toe!"

Joe (b) thinks he says "toad," and thus commands Joe (a) to hit it with the hoe.

Joe (a) obeys, hitting Joe (b)'s toe, of course, making him see stars. When Joe (b) remonstrates that it is his toe that has been hit, Joe (a) says he knew it all along.



#### I Confess

Among the curious items to be found in Pownal records is the confession of an early resident, Russell Niles, dated July 3, 1780. He seems to have been determined that his rather small misdemeanor should be put on record for all time, together with his confession and repentance. As we read it at this time, we can but wonder why he had it put in the public records.

It reads: "Whereas of mere malice, ill will and grudge I have toward my neighbor Capt. Benjamin Nichols, did on 27th of June last, report concerning the said Benjamin Nichols, that he was guilty of theft and had stolen from me a certain scythe which I myself had previously hid or caused to be hid in said Nichols' barn, and did in continuance of my malice design, complaining of him, the said Benjamin to authority, and in consequence thereof a precept was

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most solemnly in the presence of God and man repent of and ask forgiveness of him the said Benjamin and all other Christian people and most solemnly promise not to offend in like manner anymore. Witness my hand in the presence of John Larabee and Gideon Myers."—Rhoda Ostrander, Pownal

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#### Old Weather Forecasts

(These weather forecasts are really quite dependable. Our farmer ancestors watched the weather, which meant so much to them, and worked out their own forecasts.—Florence E. Waters, Bondville)

Fog on the meadow (medder) will bring fair weather.

Fog on the hill brings water to the mill.

If the snow blows off the trees, the next storm will be snow.

If the snow melts off the trees, the next storm will be rain.

When the cat rushes from one part of the house to another, and doesn't seem to know why, look for a storm.

When the quarter moon is straight up and down, it is turning out water. A sign of dry weather.

A cold, wet May, a barn full of hay.

If March comes in like a lion, it will go out like a lamb.

If you are able to live through the month of March, you should be able to live all the rest of the year.

--6-

### Not That Way

A native was walking up the village street. It was spring, mud three to four inches deep. He met the minister. Our friend remarked that it was a pretty muddy street.

"Yes," replied the parson, "but fine overhead."

"Right," replied the native, "but it don't help any of us. No one in this town is going that way."—Ralph W. Putnam, Waterbury

--6-

#### A Little Late

The scene was the office of the local Judge of Probate a few years before the late "Stod" Bates sold the State of Vermont on good roads. It was a warm, lazy summer afternoon, and the good Judge, with his feet on his desk, was happily doing nothing. At this point a long, lean farmer entered and bashfully approached the desk.

"Be you the Judge?" he asked.

"Yes, son. What can I do for you?"

"Well," said the visitor, "we'd like to git married."

"I guess that can be done," said the Judge, taking his feet off the desk. "Where's the girl?"

"Out there," answered the farmer, pointing out the window.

Looking out, the Judge saw the lady of the gentleman's choice. She was seated in an old-fashioned farm wagon completely surrounded by six children of assorted ages.

"Whose kids are those?" asked the Judge.

"Oh, they're ours," said the expectant groom. "We tried to get here sooner, but the roads was so damned rough we couldn't make it!"

—Edmund H. Royce, St. Albans

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### To The Point

Big as a pint of cider half drunk up.

Of a self-assured man: he's going round as if he had the whole town in his vest pocket.

I feel as safe as though I were in God's pocket. Colder than a dead lamb's tongue.—Contributors

*--&-*

### William Walker

Here lies the body of W. W. Never any more will he trouble you, trouble you.

-Peacham cemetery

--6-

## The Motioning Hand

While my mother was teaching in Concord, a friend who was born and brought up in Isle La Motte on Lake Champlain told her the

following incident.

One day, she and some friends were out in a boat on the lake when they noticed signs of a storm coming up. Although they knew how bad storms on the lake could be, they did not at once turn around and go back to shore. They had gone only a short distance, however, when a hand came up out of the water and motioned them back. Turning around, they rowed rapidly for shore, and thus escaped drowning, for the storm that ensued would have capsized their boat.

—Margaret Muchmore, Bennington

## Old Warnings in Book Covers

If I by chance should lose this book And you by chance should find it Remember Mary is my name And Chilton comes behind it.

Who steals a book that isn't his'n Soon or late will go to prison

You must not steal this book for shame, For here you see the owner's name; Jonathan Tarbox, Portland, Maine. For if you do the judge will say, "Where is the book you stole away?" Then up the Ladder, down the Rope, And there you'll hang until you choke.

—Anna M. Leahy, Bennington



#### Shirkshire

(A Shirkshire is an expression used in the vicinity of Bennington for a northeast blizzard with the mountain roaring.)

A juryman was supposed to be at court. He failed to answer the call on Tuesday morning. After two days he appeared. The judge asked him where he had been and why he hadn't arrived on time.

The man said, "Why I didn't get here was because we had a Shirkshire."

The judge asked him what a Shirkshire was. He answered, "Two feet of snow and a hell of a blow."

-Florence C. Moore, Bennington



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#### REVIEW OF '52 AND '53 TO JULY 1, 1953— ABSTRACTS OF REPORTS

The growth of the Society in the past two years has made the printing of official reports far too costly for our limited budget, and certain phases of the reports contain much technical detail that most of our readers, sensibly enough, would not be interested in in view of the technicalities involved. We are aware, at the same time, that our members have a genuine interest in "what is going on," and these abstracts will give them the general picture of their Society's work, plans, and problems. The detailed reports are available for inspection; and we will welcome any specific inquiries. By action of the Board of Curators our fiscal year begins now in July which will be the month of our annual meeting. The earlier year, beginning in January, brought our annual meeting into months of unstable weather which made it difficult for our older members to attend the annual gathering; also our summer friends were far away; and, finally, in legislative years, no planning for the future could be done on the basis of any appropriation, whereas by July 1 the amount appropriated for our use is known. Editor.

### I. DIRECTOR'S REPORT by ARTHUR W. PEACH

The past eighteen months have gone merrily by with our small staff trying to keep up with a schedule which found us always trailing, but we have had the pleasure of seeing the Society's work expand and its services increase; and over all has been the sense of working for ends that will not pass with the day's closing. We are proud of our membership and the intelligence and interests they represent. In a day when the terrific force of immediate things blurs or darkens the past and the future too, to see through the veil and realize that the vistas of the past make the present largely what it is calls for vision and a scale of values that many do not possess.

Believing generally that "history is fun" and "history is for every man" rather than for a select few, we have been seeking historical values that lie in what we might call the story of common men and women in the state. We have not forgotten the necessity of scholarly study of basic issues, but we have faced the fact that much of our Vermont history as written has dealt with social history. We have begun the careful exploration of phases of the state's history that have been largely or totally neglected—its economic, industrial, literary, musical history, for instance. We are following, also, an array of clues

as to where emigrating Vermonters have gone and what they have accomplished; and a project was approved by the Board of Curators which opens for us an amazingly promising field, that of our Vermont and Canadian connections in terms of history. Our publications will reveal during the coming year the most significant and representative of our findings in these phases.

Looking back, we can summarize some statistics showing our growth. Our membership in '49 was 889; in '50, 1412; in '52, 2232; July 1, '53, 2369. This increase in members is due largely to our interested members. While the staff keeps busy sending out invitations, members who send in the names of friends are a chief asset, along with key members of our Board; among them Vice Presidents Jerome A. Johnson and Vrest Orton are in the lead as they are among all members. Mr. Johnson is president of the Harvard Club of Vermont, and Harvard VHS members should be proud of the fact that from the list of the Club furnished by Mr. Johnson we drew a higher percentage of members than from any other list we have used. At least in Vermont Harvard lived up to the cultural traditions of their University.

As to general finances, our total income in '48 was \$18,856; in '52 it was \$33,575. In '48, however, VHS had only two members of the staff giving full time; the three other members gave half time. Since 1949 we have been concentrating on Vermont interests alone. With expansion of our work, increasing our range of services, enlarging the Quarterly and News and Notes, in the face of the familiar "rising costs," with small additions to salaries—none over \$120 a year—the problem of finances is always with us. Thanks to generous purchase of books by our members and the aid of those who have taken out \$10 and \$25 memberships—for some reason or other our Life Memberships (\$100) have dropped by the wayside—we have weathered the months in 1952, emerging with a balance of \$219.01—and our assistant treasurer, Mrs. Hawes, and our auditor, Mr. Mayo, agreed even on the \$.01.

Our requests to the legislature have been carefully figured and presented to Governor Emerson and appropriation committees. In 1949 the appropriation granted was \$8,000, in '51, \$10,000; and in 1953, it was \$13,280, annually in all cases. The amount is really small in the face of services rendered to the State, but the Governor and the members of the House and Senate face in these years growing and drastic demands on state funds; and we have kept our requests to a minimum.

As to our publications, the *Quarterly* has been enlarged until it now brings to members each year the equivalent of a book of over 320 pages; in addition *News and Notes* for a year means 96 pages; so for a \$3 membership, our members are getting the equivalent of a book of 416 pages containing material that is largely of permanent value—a bargain if there was ever one. Aside from the magazine publications, our services reach a wide range of members, and there are, also, the special gatherings and good times arranged for them.

Our News and Notes covers our various meetings and conferences, but it is probably wise to list them here: March 26, the annual dinner with two superb speakers—Dr. Louis C. Jones, Director of the New York State Historical Association, subject, "History for Everyman," and Prof. Burges Johnson, subject "Vermont Yankees: How They Got to be the Way They Are." The Board of Curators met the same day. On August 9th, the famous Lake Champlain steamer, Ticonderoga, was chartered for a cruise by VHS, a day long event. On August 14th, 15th, and 16th members of the staff attended and took part in meetings of the Champlain Historians, the Fort Ticonderoga Forum, the New York Folklore Society, and the Society for Colonial History, and many of our members were present at these conferences. An informal gathering of our members and friends was held on Aug. 23 at the Kent Tavern, now owned by the Society, Kent's Corner, Calais.

Our spring meeting, March 24, 1953, was probably the most successful in our history in terms of members present (247) and an impressive list of speakers, which included Gov. Lee E. Emerson, Prof. Allan R. Foley of Dartmouth College, and Dr. Philip H. Cummings, internationally known speaker on international affairs. A new venture, a conference of Vermonters and others interested in research into Vermont history drew seventy-eight students and writers including delegates from local historical societies, where we expected about two dozen.

The Society has been active in furthering the organization of new local societies and reviving those which were more or less moribund. A complete list of our local and regional societies will be printed in some future issue of the *Quarterly*. The Society has been active also in assisting with the editing and publishing of town histories. The publication of these will be noted in *News and Notes* as we are offering to list them in our catalogs and place them on sale through our Vermont Bookshelf.

Other activities have included many addresses given by members of the staff before different clubs and societies, the carrying out of the Edmunds Memorial Essay Contest, which reaches all high schools in the state, arranging and executing the plan for the Robinson Memorial Essay contest, preparing a series of publicity releases, planning and staging a number of special exhibits in the Museum. Other activities fall into the class of "too numerous to mention."

Three major problems still are in front of the staff and the Society's officers. House Bill 120 passed all House committees and received Governor Emerson's approval, the approval of the Senate Appropriations Committee; this bill provided for the building of an addition to the present State Library Building; this addition would have taken care of the badly crowded conditions in the building which affect not only VHS, but the State Library, the Supreme Court, the Public Records Commission, and the Free Public Library Commission. The bill was approved by all committees except the Senate Committee on Buildings whose chairman, Senator Stafford of Wallingford, mistakenly told his fellow Senators that we had "ample space," referring in this phrase to an old boiler-room in the basement of the building. The bill failed by one vote.

Aside from the matter of space, we need new equipment for the office and the Museum—we have purchased one second-hand type-writer, but two of the staff use their personal machines. We need new

exhibit cases for the Museum, files for maps, etc.

The third problem is the publication of books. We printed a new edition of the classic among town histories, *Peacham: the Story of a Hill Town* by Bogart, but valuable manuscripts are slipping away from us because the costs of publishing a scholarly volume of permanent value runs to \$3000-\$5000 a book. This problem we plan to attack with patience and vim enough to enable us to raise a workable publication fund. Two books, whose costs have been generously underwritten by members, are now in process; information about these will appear in a forthcoming issue.

So the story of the past eighteen months ends. We intend to keep moving forward into this coming year which is rich with promise; and we hope our members will join us in that journey—"He who stands on the past stands on the rock, not on the sands of the present."

### 2. FINANCIAL STATEMENT by PRESIDENT LEON S. GAY

Financial Report of the Vermont Historical Society for Year Ending 12/31/52, and for Six Months Ending 6/30/53

This report was condensed by Leon S. Gay from the Audit Report of Frederick A. Mayo, Public Accountant, Barre, Vt. Because of the change from calendar year to fiscal year ending June 30, two sets of figures are necessary. The detailed report is available at the office of the Society in the State Library Building, Montpelier, Vermont.

		12/31/52-
Cash Flow	Year 1952	6/30/53
Receipts:		
Cash brought forward	\$134.70	\$366.57
State appropriation	10,000.00	
Investment income	4,950.29	2,338.46
Membership dues*	8,711.53	4,638.25
Sale of Publications	2,783.14	1,589.97
Gifts and services	1,341.97	592.08
Transfers	868.89	2,881.13
Bank loan**		2,380.00
Total receipts	\$28,790.52	\$14,786.46
Disbursements:		
Salaries, travel and administrative		
expenses	\$19,231.26	\$9,657.15
Recording machine	649.38	
Library purchases	575.32	335.96
Bookshelf purchases	872.53	518.35
Cost of publications	6,842.16	3,761.47
Miscellaneous expenses	207.84	59.04
Transfers	45.46	235.48
Cash on hand to balance	366.57	219.01
Total disbursements	\$28,790.52	\$14,786.46

<sup>\*</sup>Other than Life.

<sup>\*\*</sup>This loan was made in anticipation of the State appropriation due shortly after July 1, 1953.

Status of Reserve and Trust Funds: Unrestricted Reserve Funds:	Year 1952 \$2,727.96		12/3/52 to 6/30/5 \$5.00	
Trust Funds: Dewey Memorial Fund:		\$784.28		\$1
Edmunds Prize Contest Fund: Balance forward Income & principal increase Less prize contest expenses	\$16,183.46 569.68 -671.43	16,081.71	\$16,081.71 808.67 -508.74	16,3
Wilbur Endowment Fund: Balance forward	6,838.32	114,295.60	\$114,295.60 4,494.22 2,304.19	116,4
Atwater Kent Tavern Fund:  Balance forward	0 \$4,511.16 -3,160.00	Bldg. expense	\$1,351.16 1,515.45 -386.69	
Cash carried forward	\$10,649.83 3,150.00		\$13,799.83 o	2,6 I3,
Gifts For Specific purposes: Folsum Publishing Fund** Ellis Publishing Fund†		2,295.00		2,
Total Reserve and Trust Funds plus real estate		\$151,335.54 366.57		\$153,6 -2,
Total Resources (other than contents Library and Museum)		\$151,702.11		\$150,

\*Appropriation from the State of Vermont amounting to \$13,280.00 due shortly after July

would make Total Resources in last column \$164,164.43.

\*\*The "William and Bertha Folsom Publishing Fund" is a joint gift of \$2295 donated for the tion of "Vermonters in Battle and Other Papers." The figure in the right-hand column accrued interest.

†The "Charles and Margaret Ellis Publishing Fund" is a joint gift of \$1,000 donated for the tion of the cartoon history, "This Is Vermont." The figure in the right-hand column re the status of the fund after expenditures for engraving.

[The statistical report by Miss Clara E. Follette, Museum Director and Research Librar appear in our January issue. EDITOR.]

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## Postscript

"A state exists in its history. Take away the memory of the past and what remains? Take away the example and recorded wisdom of the past, and what ray of light would be left?"—from an address by Henry Stevens of Barnard, Vt., quoted by Professor Alexander A. Gibson in his recently published History of McIndoes Academy.

"If this age were to have a heraldic symbol, I would suggest a tin can rampant. Most of our lives are canned by routine, and we have canned food, canned music, canned fuel, canned minds, and canned ideas; so why not a tin can rampant?"-queries one of our good VHS members and friends. There is something to his viewpoint, for most of us are bound by the routine of our lives; and what is absent, perhaps, is a sense of discovery, of seeking and reaching a goal-breaking out of a can, in other words. For instance, one of our members has escaped from his "can" by searching for his Vermont ancestors-"immortality in reverse"-and particularly for his great-grandfather, his burial-place, and his home. He found them all in a remote section of one of our hill towns. Nothing remained of the home except a cellar hole; the grave was in a forgotten pioneer cemetery; but persistent research revealed the fact that he had reason to be proud of the man who slept there. Such a bald outline of seven years of seeking, such as I have sketched, does not suggest even a modicum of the sense of discovery and achievement possible from such a search, especially if anyone making the search is forced by his business and other responsibilities to live a "canned" life.

Too many of us know far too little about the men and women of the past to whom we belong. Turning from our present to our past is a pleasant way, also, to escape the din of horns down the street and the howling headlines of our newspapers—or most of them. Finally, there is the personal touch—which reminds me of this poem by

Edgar Guest:

Ancestry

How strangely generations
Begin and fade away
And build the various nations
For all who live today.

Upon life's stream we're carried
To live and disappear.
Had John not married Julia,
Then I had not been here.

Unnumbered the Decembers
That since have come and gone,
When friends that none remembered
Saw Julia wed to John.
Forgotten all the others,
Pledged faithful to remain
The fathers and the mothers
Who followed in their train.

Surely this life had altered
For living and the dead
Had John or Julia faltered
And each another wed.
Of all who loved and married,
Since then from year to year,
Had but one dream miscarried,
Then I had not been here.

[This poem is reprinted by special permission of Mr. Guest who holds the copyright, and should not be reprinted without his permission. His address—Edgar A. Guest, The Detroit Free Press, Detroit 31, Michigan. Editor.]

Still poking my inquisitive nose into recipes of the old days, I welcome this good aid from Mrs. L. E. Abbott of Peacham, Vt., who tells me that she copied the recipes from her "Grandmother Blanchard's old hand-written recipe book. As she was born in 1806, they are probably well over 100 years old." I'm all for the loaf cake with "2 teaspoonfuls of rose water in it." How about a touch of lilac fragrance?

Here they are—1. Wedding Cake: 8 lbs. flour, 8 lbs. sugar, 8 lbs. butter, 11 lbs. currants, 8 lbs. raisins, 30 eggs, 3½ lbs. citron, 1 cup mace, 2 doz. nutmegs, 3 pts. brandy. Bake in deep pans 7 hours. Put buttered paper in the pans. 2. Breakfast Biscuit: 3 saucers flour, butter size of an egg, yeast—wet with milk—rise over night and roll out at five o'clock in the morning. 3. Weights [Spelled "Wights" in the recipe-book, but probably meaning "weights"—measurements. Ed.]: 2 lbs. flour, ½ lb. sugar, ½ pt. yeast, ½ pt. milk. 4. Plum Cake: 4 lbs. flour, 4 lbs. sugar, 3½ lbs. butter, 38 eggs leaving out 4 of the whites for frosting, 3 lbs. raisins, 2 lbs. citron, 1 pt. brandy, 1 oz. mace—1 oz. nutmeg—1 oz. cloves, 1 oz. cinnamon, 7 lbs. cur-

rants, 1 tablespoonful saleratus, 5. Loaf Cake (very nice): 1 lb. flour, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 lb. raisins, ½ lb. currants, 2 teaspoonfuls rose water, I cup cream—nutmeg, I teaspoonful saleratus. 6. Loaf Cake: 5 lbs. flour, 2 lbs. sugar, 3/4 lbs. lard, 3/4 lbs. butter, 1 pt. yeast, 8 eggs, 1 qt. milk. Roll the sugar in flour, add the raisins and spice after first rise. 7. Minister's Cake: 1 cup sugar, ½ cup milk, 2 cups flour, butter size of an egg, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoonful soda. Spice to your taste. 8. Tea Cakes: 4 cups flour, 11/2 cups butter, 2 cups milk, 8 cups flour, 5 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls saleratus. Mix well with your hands and bake in deep pans. 9. Doughnuts: ½ pt. cream, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful saleratus. 10. French Biscuit: Weight of 3 new boiled eggs in sugar and flour. Beat separately. Add a little candied lemon peel. Shape them on a tin sheet or paper. Strew fine sugar over them-bake in a moderate oven. 11. Butter Biscuit: 2 lbs. flour, 1/2 lb. butter, 1/2 pt. milk—salt. Beat each cake on both sides with a rolling pin.

Our "short-haul railroad" fans-and their number seems to be legion-will enjoy-as we have-this note by E. J. Wiley, one of Middlebury College's beloved deans and alumni secretaries, now living in exile and retirement through force of circumstances in Phoenix, Arizona. He is referring to the article, "Addison Branch Joins the Ghost Lines, Consolidated," by Harold L. Bailey, page 282, our October 1952 Quarterly.

He writes:

In the October issue of your Vermont Quarterly, Harold Bailey's "Addison Branch Joins the Ghost Lines Consolidated" touched me very personally as I have many, many memories of unusual experiences while a passenger on that most unique line.

I began riding on the Addison Branch at a very early age as my mother used to go from Ticonderoga to Brandon to visit her brother (Ex. Gov. E. J. Ormsbee) most every summer and took me along until I was old enough to

go by myself.

A whole book could be written about the Addison Branch. Maybe some time I'll have an opportunity to see you and tell you some of our amusing

Mr. Bailey speaks of its being really an "accommodation" train, and here's another incident that proves it. One day, as several of us fellows from Middlebury were returning from vacation at our homes in New York State (that was when the trains ran across Lake Champlain on the famous drawbridge), several girls headed for Castleton Normal School got on at the East Shoreham bination coach, smoker and baggage mail and express car, one of the gals discovered that she had left her pocketbook in the Shoreham station. Tommy Beahan, the amiable little tobacco-chewing conductor, was located up front somewhere, but by then the train had proceeded on a mile or two toward Whiting. Tommy came back (when summoned), ascertained the facts from the distressed Castletonian, and pulled the emergency cord, bringing the train to a stop. Then he signalled the engineer to back up, which he did all the way to Shoreham, and Tommy went into the station, secured the girl's pocketbook and restored it to her. Can you beat that for "accommodation?"

Morehouse, Delano, Murdock, Agnew, etc., and I used to have a lot of fun while waiting at Leicester Junction. There was a lime-rock quarry and kiln, a barrel factory, etc., and Harry Huntley's store where he would let us play his old Edison cylinder records. One of our favorites was: "I Love My

Wife, but Oh, You Kid!"

\* \* \*

The earth keeps its secrets well, as we all know, and probably what is hidden from mankind would astonish or stupefy him if through some revelation all its hidden secrets that bear upon him were suddenly to be revealed. Even a small gleam is interesting. For instance, at the close of a talk, given at Troy, Vt., near the Canadian border (Newport, Vt. and Lake Memphremagog region), Mrs. Max Morse of North Troy showed me a button which her husband had found about three feet down in the earth of their farm. I recognized it as a military button of some type. Miss Follette, our museum director, discovered these items on the button: an eagle with a shield, on which there seemed to be 9 stars, 4 about 5; a large O surrounding the eagle and stars, on the reverse side the words "Best Placed" in old English capitals, and the word "London" in Roman capitals. Then we turned to the Smithsonian Institution where America finds expert answers to so many questions bearing on the past; and Stuart M. Mosher, Acting Head Curator of the Department of History, wrote us as follows: "I am informed by Mr. James R. Sirlouis, Assistant Curator, Division of Military History, that the specimen described is a U.S. General Staff uniform button of the period 1800-1812. The markings on the reverse indicate that it was made in London, England, as were many United States Army uniform buttons of that period." And there you are. Now if someone will read the past and tell us how the button came to its final resting-place under three feet of earth on the Morse farm on the border, I am certain it will make quite a story.

Here is an important announcement which will be repeated in both the September and October issues of *News and Notes*: the name of our quarterly publication, *Vermont Quarterly*, will be changed in our January 1954 issue to *Vermont History*. I hope that members reading this Postscript statement will spread the word, for I am very certain, human nature being what it is, that after the magazine has appeared under the name *Vermont History*, we will get numerous letters from members asking us what has happened to the *Vermont Quarterly?* The change was recommended by your Director to the Board of Curators who approved the idea. Our publication was being constantly confused with *Vermont Life*, the official state magazine, which is also a quarterly and deals with Vermont although on a largely contemporary basis; moreover, *Vermont Quarterly* carries no implication of the nature of our magazine; *Vermont History* is direct to the point—and we hope to make it increasingly worthy of its new name. A.W.P.



## Committees of the Society—1953

Executive: Leon S. Gay, Brandon, chairman, John Clement, Rutland, Harold G. Rugg, Hanover (N. H.), John H. McDill, Woodstock, Sam. R. Ogden, Landgrove, Paul Bourdon, Woodstock, Vrest Orton, Weston, A. W.

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pelier, Leslie Kendall, Montpelier.

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Kent Tavern: Mrs. Ira Rich Kent, Calais, chairman: Ralph W. Putnam, Waterbury, Maude Wheeler Pierce, Montpelier, Hazel D. Flanders, Chelsea. Institutional: Edward F. Miller, Springfield, chairman; U. S. Senator Ralph E. Flanders, Springfield, Theodore F. Kane, Montpelier, James F. Dewey, Quechee, Leon S. Gay, Brandon, (ex-officio).

#### AS THE YEARS PASS

Generations of men have appeared and vanished since on November 5, 1838, the General Assembly of the State of Vermont approved an "Act to Incorporate the Vermont Historical and Antiquarian Society." This generation and generations far in the future are to pass, but the Society will live on through the changes and vicissitudes of time, keeping alive the traditions that have made a state and a people great, serving the past and the present in terms of values that abide. If any member is interested in setting up memorial funds or other funds that will last as long as Vermont lasts, we welcome an invitation to point the way

Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Director

## SELECTED TITLES FROM THE PUBLICATIONS of the

## VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Books listed below may be ordered directly at the price shown. Active members of the Society are given a 10 per cent discount on any volume, except those starred. Sustaining members are given a 33½ per cent discount.

- 1. The Capture of Ticonderoga by Lucius Chittenden. Documents, notes.
  172 pp. \$1.00
- 2. Biography of Thomas Davenport, Inventor of the Electric Motor by W. R. Davenport. Illus. Index. 165 pp. \$3.00
- 3. Vermonters by D. B. E. Kent. Famous Vermonters, their birthplaces, their records. 187 pp. \$1.50
- 4. Dake of Castleton by H. W. Congdon. Vermont's most beautiful buildings. 36 pp., 24 photographs. \$1.00
- 5. The Story of a Country Medical College; a History of the Clinical School of Medicine and The Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, Vermont 1827–1856 by F. C. Waite. Illus. 213 pp. \$3.00
- 6. Vermont During the War for Independence . . . Being Three Chapters from the Author's Natural and Civil History of Vermont, published in 1794, by Samuel Williams. 104 pp. Wrappers. \$1.00
- 7. People of Wallingford by B. C. Batcheller. 328 pp. \$3.00
- 8. History of Londonderry by A. E. Cudworth. 228 pp. \$3.00
- 9. History of Marlborough by E. H. Newton. 330 pp. \$3.00
- 10. History of Barnard by W. M. Newton. 2 vols. 879 pp. Illus. Folding maps. \$9.00
- 11. History of Pomfret by H. H. Vail. 2 vols. 687 pp. Illus. Folding maps. \$5.00
- 12. Peacham: The Story of a Vermont Hill Town. Vol. 1. 494 pp. 29 ill., maps, appendices., bibl., index. \$6.00
- 13. List of Pensioners of the War of 1812 by B. N. Clark. \$1.50
- 14. Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of Vermont. Folio, 233 pp. \$3.00
- 15. The First Medical College in Vermont. Castleton 1818–1862 by Frederick Clayton Waite. 280 pp. 13 ill. Catalog of graduates and non-graduates. Index. \$3.00
- \*16. Vermont Lease Lands by Walter T. Bogart. Definitive treatment of question of lease or glebe lands assigned for educational and religious uses. 392 pp. Index. \$6.16
- \*17. The Vermont Story by Earle W. Newton. 535 ill. Bibl., index, 281 pp. \$7.50

## ON DEMOCRACY

THE word democracy is used very inaccurately. It L is often taken to signify freedom and equality. Many have thought it represented an absence of all restraints. Others have considered it as providing a relief from all duties. The people of America have long been committed to democracy. The best thought of the world has been compelled to follow them. . . . Democracy is obedience to the rule of the people. . . . It is easy to see that democracy will have attained perfection when laws are made wholly wise and obedience is wholly complete. . . . The true hope of progress lies in perfecting it. But it rests entirely on the people. It depends on their ability both to rule and to obey. It is what they are. The government is what they make it. . . . Neither political nor industrial democracy can relieve mankind from the requirement of obedience. There is no substitute for virtue. Too much emphasis has been put on the desire to rule and too little on the obligation to obey. An obedient nation would possess supreme power.

FROM AN ADDRESS, "THE MEANING OF DEMOCFACY" BY CALVIN COOLIDGE BEFORE THE NINTH ANNUAL INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE AT THE BABSON INSTITUTE, WELLESLEY HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS, AUGUST 2, 1922